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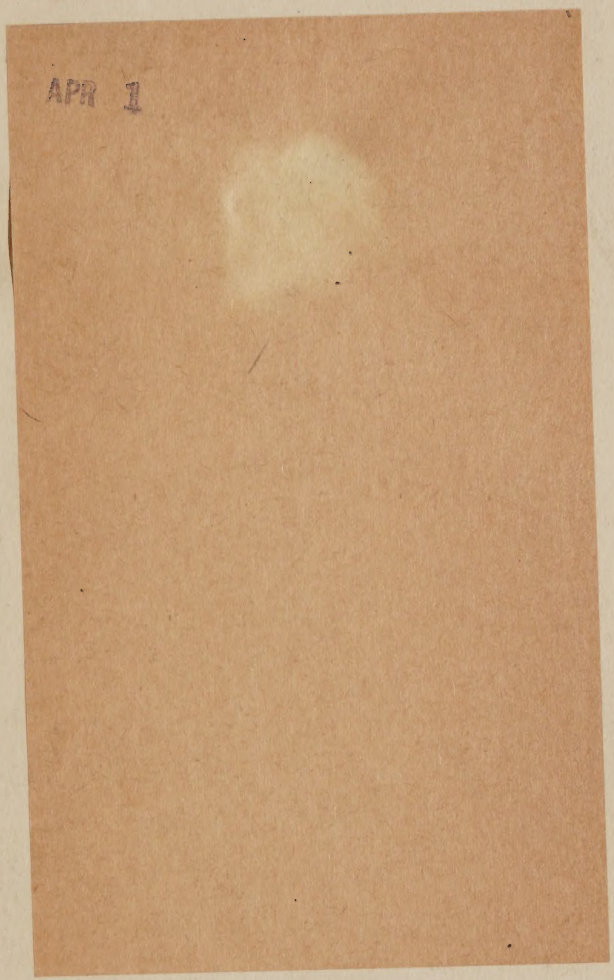

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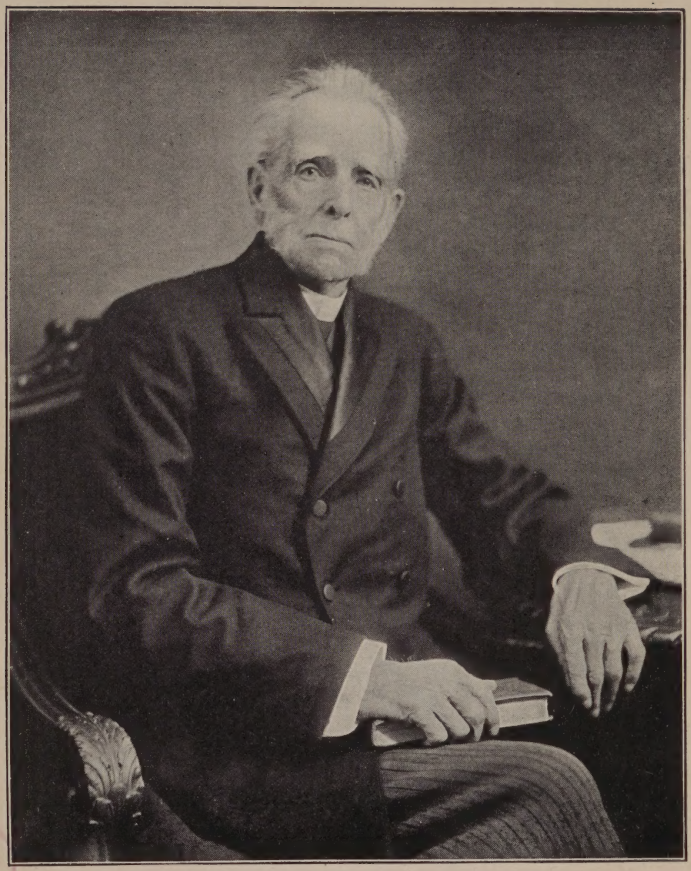

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FIVE YEARS LATER.

TRAVEL NOTES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

W. SPOONER SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

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PREFACE

THESE random notes are printed not for their literary value but in the hope they may, in a way, act as an inspiration for the old.

We are accustomed to look on old age as a desert of inactivity and dull monotony. This record proves that it can be shot through with thrills and enthusiasms that might well be envied by vigorous youth.

To make a trip of the world at eighty eight, as one of a party, would be a remarkable achievement, to make such a trip alone seems little short of marvellous. The result was more than the accomplishment of the journey; for as the author says he was made over, his eyes were opened and he felt for the first time the real joy of living. It is in the hope that his experience may spur on other old people to the genuine enjoyment of life that this book has been published. It has no literary or scientific pretentions and claims to be only what it is, a selection from the letters written home in the course of the journey.

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THE START

TRAVEL NOTES OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

THE START

IN the days of Bayard Taylor and his "Views afoot," I indulged for a while the dream of footing it myself, and went so far as to secure a passport duly signed by the Secretary of State, which venerable paper is with me to-day unused. Thereafter for nearly fifty years I never had a thought of crossing the Atlantic, then there came a succession of providences that fairly pushed me off, so that on the 20th of June in my 87th year, I was on my way with a company of delegates to the International Congregational Convention in Edinburgh.

As a delegate, I am down for New York which is very appropriate as I was once a pastor in New York City. . . . I am now on deck, weather delightful, neither hot nor cold, and just cloudy enough for shade. No use for blanket or overcoat. The motion of the steamer has been almost imperceptible. I read nothing. I could not have a better rest for my eyes, lying in my steamer chair, with them shut most of the time. . . . We are in touch with the "wireless." What a wonderful and

beneficent invention! Surely Marconi has written his name large in the annals of time!

Yesterday there was a little rain-fall that drove us indoors for the rest of the day; and a little more swell than many of our passengers liked, judging from the dinner table. But the rain passed and the swell quieted down to a very easy way, and this morning is perfect and glorious, and I was the first man on deck to enjoy its beauty.

I get in delightful touch with all kinds of people. . . . The wireless has just given us the message of the death of Grover Cleveland. . . . Yesterday, I was taken through the mysterious depths of this modern steamer, a wonderful illustration of the constructive genius of man! . . . In land-locked seas on our last day's steaming, without a bad day or a bad night! We are breaking all records of the Cymric in time or weather. We passengers, and crew, a thousand souls, a good sized town! Four little waifs have come among us on the trip born to no country, children of the ocean!

There must be a great multitude the world over, who have no country because born upon the ocean wave. Dr. MacArthur the great Baptist preacher whom it was my great good fortune to hear at Tremont Temple this summer, informed me that he himself was so born. But the blood is the bond that cannot be broken that tells a man where he belongs. We may flee to the end of the earth, but we carry on our faces our national label.

SCOTLAND

SCOTLAND

THE great International Council has come and gone, and I was there! I can hardly believe it. I am beginning to see this beautiful world. I have not yet begun to "do" Edinburgh. The Council has had the floor.

. . . The glory still continues to divulge. I shall not take the risk of not hearing preaching to-day but the kind of a speech I should like to make is one that would set the Englishmen and Americans present, talking together, in a good brotherly way. Being asked the other day if I was an Englishman, I said, "Yes, but I have been away from home two or three hundred years, and I am mighty glad to get back again!!"

Yes, I am a pure blooded Yankee Englishman, and I am as glad as a boy to get home again! What a thrill it gives me to see the old home of my English fathers and mothers. Those who went out took Old England with them in their hearts, and the glory has been and still is that they were of Old England.

We love, and we honor, and we are proud of our old home land. Though our land is not your land, your land is our land, your literature is our literature, and your religion is our religion. The spirit of our great institutions is your spirit, one

name, Anglo-Saxon, is large enough to include us both. Practically this development has been the product of all the Christian ages. Old Rome before she fell to rise no more, put nearly five hundred years into the making of England; then the masterful Northmen put their blood into Old Britain and gave the new name, England, to the nation which also, took to herself the best type of the Reformation. Thus, root and branch, our race, and empire are coincident with the Christian ages (two thousand years, save part of one century), of cohesive states and powers, for duration China, changeless China only, can be named in comparison with the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Clyde

On board a large, fine steamer, crowded with passengers, sailing upon the beautiful Clyde, never have I seen such gardens, filled with flowers and shrubbery to which the lay of the land lends itself with great effect. The many landings have in the background numberless resorts which line the channel of the river. Another steamer is along side, all alive in recreation. What a picture it is of life and cheer!

Oban

I cannot express to you this day of grandeur and beauty! The atmosphere pellucid, the temperature perfect, the trip, a magnificent unrolling of two grand panoramas, right and left! There were two battalions of imperial mountain ranges lined

up on the right and on the left, in mighty review! Thus these "eternal hills" were out to do us more than royal honor! O the Great Mountains, what a majesty and grandeur sit upon their exalted thrones!

Then the countless, ever varying forms pass to view! The flash and the play of the mountain rivulets were continually putting in their fine and merry ways! And down into the dance halls of the mountain lakes ever, here and there, lighted up those bare and solemn depths. Yes, great Nature was out on parade to do us all honor to-day, whether we rolled upon the rail, or glided along in the luxurious steamer, or again in the old prosaic horse and carriage way, we got hand to hand views, as we wound to and fro, up and down, without end. But why strive to tell that which is beyond all telling! To *see* is to *know*. I was spellbound all the day through, and wondered how anyone could do anything but be still, and look and wonder. But some chatted and laughed and only now and then took a glance at the wonderful surroundings!

Let me be alone when Nature in her beauty and grandeur is passing before me!!

To-morrow will be an easier going day, for it will be the restful steamer. How well I stand it all! The company is easy and helpful, the hotels first class, the rooms pleasant, table relishing and no worry about bills or tips. We are in Wonder Land. Imagine our finest scenery retouched and finished up by the hand of man and you have some idea of Scotland to-day.

School doesn't keep this afternoon, so I write. To my mind, the works of God in nature put in the background, at least for a time, the work and way of mankind. Just now I am in no way exercising myself about historic Scotland, though no English speaking people, no country, has more interesting and thrilling story than this of which mementoes and monuments everywhere abound on mountain, plain, river, and lake, telling us the story of the successive generations of men and women, one of the most virile and gifted of the nations of mankind. But *the creator* of this wonderful land and its people, as well, is *first* of all! My quest is not for the dead in graveyards and about monuments, but to see the grand, beautiful manifestations of the living God.

But from the general to the concrete, wherein the heavenly and the human mingle. There is a little patch of an Island, three miles long and half as wide, in the maximum, containing only two thousand acres, of which only six hundred are arable. It now feeds 340 cattle, 600 sheep, 60 pigs and 30 horses.

It was here, 1357 years ago, about the time of the downfall of the Roman Empire, and the beginning of the dark ages, when there was but one Christian denomination in the world, it was here, that Columbia with his 12 evangelists founded that faith which glowed for more than a thousand years.

And strange as it may seem to us, it was from Ireland that Columbia and his fellow workers got

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their faith and culture, for, far back, some centuries before the eighth, all Europe regarded Ireland as the center of learning and piety.

Thus this little island, Iona, is made illustrious by the God of grace as well as the God of nature.

We rest to-night at Fort William, once regarded as the key of the Highlands. Near here is the Caledonian Canal which crosses Scotland uniting the North Seas and the Atlantic Ocean.

Old China takes the lead in the construction of these artificial waterways. Her great canal, undertaken in the 13th century, is 2000 miles long, and makes connection with 41 cities. The next canal in length is also in Asia, northern India, 525 miles long. Then next in length comes our Erie, 363 miles long. In point of time, however, Old England leads China by one century, for Henry I united the Trent with the Witham in 1134.

In England and Scotland it would seem that every river and water-course has been cleared and improved to the utmost for transportation, and brings its shores into the freest communication possible.

So there are 2800 miles of canals and 2500 of rivers, taking only those that are navigable, reaching a grand total of 5200 miles. In Ireland there are 510 miles of these water-ways. To one who has had but little experience in this kind of touring what a vista of beauty and glory opens up along these more than five thousand of miles in so many charming windings and turnings, a land so beautiful and grand by nature, and carried on by the

hand of man through all these successive ages that Old Britain has been in the making. Everything beautiful, grand, and changeful in lake, river, pond, rolling hill, towering mountain, the infinite blending of sun-shine and shade, all helped up and out by man's wealth and cunning hand is there. . . .

Fort William

We had a long wait in the evening air for a delayed boat, so it was 10 o'clock before we reached our hotel, and 11 before I got to bed and I awoke at 5. Judging from the temperature I should say it was October instead of July, but there is iron in the air that makes one go. Yesterday, we did a big job by rail and carriage, a thousand feet up into the mountains and down again, the old spirit of the hills blowing and spitting in our faces all the while, but we got gloriously drunk upon the beauty and sublimity, that in myriad phases passed before us every inch of the way. Our hardest and best day yet!

Ireland

To my great regret I was obliged to give Erin the "go by" but not without a word can I leave that little country that has such mention in history, ancient and modern. "It is said to have been first colonized by the Phœnicians. Some assert that Partholani landed in Ireland about 2048 B. C., that the descent of the Damnonii was made about 1463 B. C., followed by the descent of Heber and Heremon, Milesian princes, from Galicia, in Spain,

who conquered Ireland, and gave to its throne a race of 171 Kings." That takes us back before the time of Abraham, and earliest history. These are the deepest of traditions, and yet that is not impossible, for Ireland stood in easy touch with the nations of the Great Middle Sea, the Ocean of the ancient world. Those great Phœnician navigators did go out past the pillars of Hercules and made first report of ancient Britain. And who can prove that there were not these several conquests? There is enough distance and possibility to warrant a remarkable history.

Ireland came by the way of the ancient and Roman civilization; Britain came by the way of barbaric immigrations.

The Celts, the ancestors of the Britons and modern Welsh, were the first inhabitants of Britain. It is referred to as the Cassiterides or tin islands by Herodotus, 450 B. C.; as Albion and Ierne (England and Ireland) by Aristotle, 350 B. C., and Polybius, 260 B. C. How interesting thus to bring the ages and people together? But to return to old Ireland when we get upon the solid ground of history, she is among the most advanced of the nations, for she then led in scholarship and religion.

Now a single word as to the singular origin of the name Scot. The famous Milesians were Scoti, the prehistoric invaders of Ireland, from whom the island took the name Scotia and retained it exclusively from the 4th to the 11th century. The Scots were properly the people of Ireland; but a

colony of them settled on the western coast of northern Britain, and in the end, they gave the name of Scotland to the whole north of the Island. It was not until Scotia was invaded by Henry II in the latter part of the 12th century that the island was known as Ireland.

What followed, her glorious conversion by the great Saint Patrick, is too well known to dwell upon here, when Ireland became Christian long before she became Roman Catholic.

Edinburgh Again

Edinburgh is even a more windy place than old Boston! For here in a big blow, people are toppled over like ten-pins!

I am booked to take steamer, Tuesday, at Newcastle, on the Tyne, for the realm of the "Midnight Sun!" Our steamer is going as far up as the ice will let her, even beyond North Cape, and Spitzbergen. It was the grand scenery of the Norway fjords, and the strangeness of the place where the Sun cannot get down for a night's rest, for weeks at a time, that tempted me.

Newcastle on the Tyne

This is the starting point of my trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun.

I have had a passing glance of that little island from which we all sprang. A masterful power in the world these hundreds of years! And a most interesting land to see. I am thinking how this England came out of and through the far past.

What she did in the far reaches of unhistoric time never can be known. It was Julius Cæsar who first brought the Briton into the light of the world, 54 B. C. They had the rule and civilization of Rome for about five hundred years, when the Old Roman Empire called home all its outlying legions to save itself from barbaric subjugation. Christianity established in England as an organized religion in 697, but the gospel was preached in Britain even in Paul's time. And if I am not mistaken the first Christian Emperor of Rome died in York, in Britain, before there was a country in the world called England.

Bereft of Rome's protecting hand Britain became the prey of the ruthless and piratical Angles, Saxon and Danes and Northmen. Thus by this subjugation, Britain became ENGLAND. But the Island's last and most ruthless subjugation was by William the Conqueror, the Norman, Northman. Though he turned a helpless nation upside down, dispossessed the entire nobility and put in their high places his own followers, many of them the rag tag and bobtail of his army, yet with his masterly statesmanship, he organized a foundation of law and procedure that the later and greater England has built upon. National spoliation and subjugation were to be visited upon this little island no more, but a mighty recoil from this same little island has gone out over all the earth, and the end is not yet, and one of the great questions the times raise to us is: what is to be the future of England and the English speaking race?

Just a preliminary word before I plunge into Old Norway. There is a charming little dell here in Newcastle called the Dean, a stream running deep down into a most romantic valley, along which on each irregular side nature and man have wrought a masterpiece of gardening. There I saw the heroic mullein which is so brave to lift up its banner where almost everything else refuses to stand, there I saw that same brave towering, flowering, stock, treated as a flower and right ornamental he was in his beautiful company! But while I have been running on in this way, the big billows of this turbulent old North Sea have been rolling us, and many of our tourists are sick and miserable upon their backs, and the loaded tables mourn because so few come to their feast, yet I rejoice that I am one of the few favored immunes who go with even more sharpened relish to the deserted board of good things!

But I have left out something noteworthy. It was the very first locomotive ever put upon the iron rail! That was the invention of Stevenson, who was a native of Newcastle on the Tyne, which is proud of his great name. THE WHOLE THING IS THERE, in that crude little machine, that makes up those modern monarchs of the iron road! The man had come and done the trick that revolutionized the transportation of the world! The discovery of the mariners compass first made it safe to sail out of sight of land. That was a long step of progress, and did Old China make that contribution to the practical knowledge of the world!

The invention of printing was another great stride of progress. Then Watt put all the tugging power of man, beast or wind in the background by fitting a harness to the might of Steam Power. Then Stevenson got it on the railroad track as we have seen. Then this mighty Giant was left beaten into the far background by man's getting command of infinite and inexhaustible electric power. Add to this, that last and greatest trick of human genius by which he can talk all the world around! And by far the larger part of these revolutionary wonders have been brought about in my lifetime! And WHAT next? Things marvelous that shall put all these wonders even in the shade.

NORWAY

NORWAY

BUT we must not forget that we are on our way to Norway. Two nights and one day bring us to Bergen, not a city of great population, but rich in antiquity. Five hundred years ago the famous Hanseatic League had a trading station here. I went into an office of one of the clerks just as he left it half a thousand years ago, the little office with his old desk of yore. Then his little bed room! The bed was a box-like thing with an opening on each side! One for himself to get in and out, and the other, on the other side, for a servant to make it up, for he or she must not come where the valuables were. Then his little dining-room where he entertained his friends! It all had such a touch and relish of that olden time!

Don't you think I am glad that I came so far? Don't you wish that you could come to this Norwegian market and see your fish scooped out of a tank, and dressed before your eyes? . . . But poor things, these Scandinavians don't know how to "spel," they start right but they make such breaks! For instance, they begin right, as toba, then instead of going on regular, they close with snaptobak. Cigarette they overdo, as cigaretta. But then North they bump into Nord, so Apothecary,

apothik! But there is a mixup in our talk that shows that we are Scandinavians, away back. But the cleanliness and neatness of everything, how far that goes to make you like them, and their ways!

This morning, in my water-proof armor, I planted myself in the very prow of our steamer, and for near two hours stood the pounding and rolling of the white-topped waves, without a touch of ought but an immense sense of physical and soulful life! How good it is to be immune of sea!

I keep coming in touch with the nicest kind of people, and surprises of congenial fellowship are continually sprung upon me.

I have not been to church to-day but I have been in the Temple, "not made with hands," floored by the wide rolling waters and the far stretching plains; its pillard aisles, the valleys twixt great mountain ranges; canopied by the vast over arching blue, varied by the ever changing and ever drifting clouds; the choirs thereof, soloists of countless bird-song, the soft rustle of the zephyrs, the high-piping of the winds, and the sharp note of the spitting wave, and the mighty roaring and pounding of the billows and the deep bass of thunder.

Meanwhile I dreamed I met the Genius of Old Scandinavia. He was not an up-to-date progressive of our kind and day, but a changeless habitat of oldest Norway. He said, "Why here?" I said, "I am from that youngster of a continent over to the West come to see the Old World." "To see the Old World," said he with indulgent contempt.

"How much can you running tourists see in your wild race?" Your New World is less than twenty generations deep; "here, the babe and the child; the boy and the girl; the youth and maiden; husband and wife; and all along down to the oldest and the last, the generations have been going their rounds, without end, making human history thousands and thousands of years unknown, and that is the Norway that has been lived in, this grand domain, and this you have come to comprehend with a passing glance, then mayhaps to go on through the grandly greater East and do it as by the wink of an eye!" No, no, not by the eye or ear or book can you get at what this Old World has been.

In one Book alone has it ever been recorded! With a bowed and awed spirit I wondered if to any or all in the everlasting to come would ever be known *the full story of this old world and race!!*

Odda

Between two steep and high mountain peaks, just space enough for a little harbor, and a few houses, mostly hotels, a most charmingly romantic situation! All around about us such a glory of color flashing in the sun-light. But my words are too clumsy for visions like these. Man's vision can revel in nature's masterpieces, but he can neither describe nor transcribe them. Yesterday was house-cleaning for the steamer and as usual we were sent to the hotel for our meals. We wandered about this quiet, quaint old but most charming little

Bergen. I must have walked, at least six miles, had pleasant talks with nice people, and got back to the boat so fresh that I kept up the talk until eleven o'clock.

Steaming through these island waters is so silent and motionless you hardly know whether you are moving at all!

We are now waiting for transfer to the boat that is to carry us up to the very icepack. She will be our home for twenty days or so. Many of our company are off on a drive, but I am able to get my full here to the sparing of my strength. Weather perfect. We are eating cherries and strawberries yet. I had my first taste of strawberries eight months ago at the Boston Club.

When I had written the above and was standing by the boat rail a very nice looking English lady came up to me and we found talk very easy and pleasant. It was to this lady that I made my first lisp as to rounding the world. For a full hour, or more, we talked on and on without flagging an instant. Then I said, "You must not take seriously what I said about going around the world," but she responded with an arch smile, "O you will go, you will go." The lady was a singer and had been a pupil of Jenny Lind.

This touring puts people wondrously on their best side. . . . Now we have gotten on to our trip steamers, *steamers,* I say, because boats go in pairs, on these Arctic rounds, for greater safety, taking the lead in alternate days; Companion Ships.

I find my quarters much more satisfactory than

I feared. Indeed our cabin is very roomy, having four long cushioned sofas, light enough for all purposes. We steam northward, sometime in the night.

It is good to get my trunk back again.

Frondhjem

Boat-cleaning sends us out to-day to Grand Hotel for dinner and supper. This off day was made an excursion day by most of our crowd, but I saved my strength and cash! And yet saved my day as well. I gave the day, the whole of it from morn, to "dewy eve" to the searching of these surrounding mountains in easy way from steamer deck. I was the first to make my appearance there! The sun had something of a time with the mountain peaks before he could get clear of them for a big towering pile would come along and shut him off, then he would come to light on the other side. This trick was played several times! His enormous candle power would enable me to penetrate into the very depths of the mountain gorges and to the far off gleaming fjords. Such coloring and shading as the grand panorama unrolled through the passing days! Such a painter is this light of lights, in this pellucid atmosphere of these northern latitudes! First, this Golden Artist bid me look into the flaming East! How far I could see! Great mountains tinted with that inimitable mountain blue! The lines were so finely and sharply drawn that scores of peaks were combined and individual in the picture of the surrounding

skies. This to the eastward, westward where shadow was the background, you had all that same depth and fine tracery condensed and multitudinous individuality, so that with one swift sharp glance you see such an area of the vast and many formed.

I am so far up in the heavens, that I must let myself down on something. I am going to do it by giving you a chapter on "origins." And I want to put it so it will stick! For the essence of it is your title to nobility, nobility of the best kind!! There were three distinctive English migrations to America. First, that to Jamestown, Va., 1607. The next was the Mayflower to Plymouth, 1620. The first was not pure gold but had some of the very finest gold in it or we should never have had our George Washington or that galaxy of great Virginians. But speaking in a saintly way Plymouth was most conspicuous. It was the very salt of the earth that the Mayflower brought over, although there was no secular thrift in it. But the great English migration was that of the Puritans. It came in the twenty years between, generally speaking, 1630 to 1650, twenty thousand strong, less or more, nearly two hundred years later, in 1820, New England was pure blooded English as England itself. We all came of this Puritan immigration. That is an ancestry good enough for anybody. For the more I learn of English history and the English race, and of English Puritan-Boston as the real germ of New England, and New England as the great forma-

tive power of our goodly land, the more I rejoice in this ancestry. So men, and women, quit yourselves well for you are well born!!

A day of days!!!

My poor sleep stood me well to-day. I happened to be awake at half past one this morning when it occurred to me that a sunrise would soon be due. So I dressed myself with my ulster over all, and went out the first man on deck again! And there I stood till three-thirty A. M. and saw the sun paint the eastern skies. Slowly comes this northern Sun for he comes on a slant, not almost directly up, as in the low latitudes. So we stood and saw the radiance slowly increase on sky, and cloud on the mountain side and the gleaming waters, wave after wave of light flashed up but we could not make out just where on all that glowing horizon the sun itself would break. At last when that golden splendor was at its best, and the serene and unmistakable sun itself was out, and strange to say, all surrounding effulgence was quenched into the plain blue.

But the great things of the day did not end with the sun-rise. After breakfast we were on deck again for other great sight-seeing. Our steamer was in a very narrow channel, almost in touch with either shore, but such a flanking of stone of mountain piles, from the lower to the towering white-capped heights! Miles and miles of them, all gashed and furrowed by the floods and frosts of, who knows how many thousand years.

Hammerfest

And all is well, now let us study geography a bit. We, that is I and myself, are at Hammerfest—the most northern town in the world, 72-40 Lat. In 1800 it had about a hundred inhabitants, now, it is more than twenty times that number. It has a very lively harbor by the commerce of the great northern commodities, for these are many and great, what with whaling, fishing, furs, feathers, etc. We are pretty well out of vegetation here, but, remember the next time you see it, the brave birch tree still holds its ground.

Near here is the great meridian column, marking the spot where the measurement of degrees carried on by Russia, Norway and Sweden in 1816, 1852, commencing at the Black Sea was terminated, as recorded by the Norwegian and Latin inscriptions.

At Hammerfest the sun stands above the horizon from the 14th of May to the 30th of July without interruption, 47 days!! And it is entirely out of sight from Nov. 21st to Jan. 22, but the town has electric light meanwhile.

Mark the latitude! We are actually north of the spot where Sir John Franklin's ships were finally abandoned after having been beset by ice for a year and a half, while Dr. Nansen's journey in 1888 across Greenland was 350 miles south of us by latitude. And though these are some of the facts in the case, this day is as mild, genial, and summerlike as the best of our mid-summer days!

So you see that I am pretty near getting on to the top of the world. Is that what they mean when they say, "A man is getting up in the world"? . . .

But who would guess that we were in the Arctic regions? For it is an August day, wherever you may put it.

The fish from these waters are delicious, so tender, delicate and well served.

To-morrow we reach the North Cape.

Now let me tell you something about our crowd.

Thirty-two are French, fifteen English, six from Brussels, six German, one from Italy, four Americans. There is a Countess whatever that may count!

Had one of the beautiful sunsets last night. Sunday, we strike out into the open sea, I believe, to be on it five or six days, where there is little but ocean to be seen. This has been a bad season because of fogs, clouds and rain. The great Midnight Sun has so far eluded us. Shall we see it? There is still a chance. But a word more about Hammerfest. I have been ashore and had a look at this funny little town. Thick turf grass growing a foot or two high on the tops, or roofs of the houses. The town is mainly upon one street, a little up from the water's edge, backing upon a steep bluff, 500 feet, or so in height. Had an ice cream. Fish, eggs, bread and cheese are the staples of a very good appetite! But these little cribs to sleep in are pinching, or cramping to a long man like myself! Guess they are called berths because not grown up!

Beyond the North Cape

We are on the rolling deep this morning, and the people at the table were like angels' visits, "few and far between." But I took my usual diet. I should have been a sailor before the mast! Clear summer weather still holds and somewhere in the next twenty-four hours we are looking for a stopping place on an island. Five days are given for the beyond North Cape. And North Cape suffers no human being to camp or live within its borders.

This northern shore is fortified by masses of towering mountain rock where no tree or living thing can grow! But the life of the fish of the seas and the birds of the air is infinite. There is a great mystery about these birds. At a certain season of the year they disappear, whither no man knows! At the Cape last night, men and women caught fish and we had them fresh on the table this morning. The quality of these haddock is far finer than anything we have. All fish this side of the Atlantic is fine and I am taking to fish!

Almost up to Spitzbergen. Yesterday was a red letter day! Looking around and making a kind of study of my fellow passengers has been quite interesting in my travels. On this trip my attention has been drawn to a man at some distance from my table, not tall but broad shouldered and straight, with a large, strong-looking head, in short, a man worth knowing. Evidently a well-bred and cultivated gentleman. His wife is with him and they walk much on deck. It was a rare

satisfaction to meet a man of so far different antecedents, yet in such harmony with one's own thinking and convictions, so interesting in knowledge and delightful in conversation, and, best of all, so rich and experienced in Christian faith. A business man is he at whose lips professional preachers get instruction and inspiration. I asked him whence his ordination and introduction to the ministry of the gospel? His answer was "My Mother."

To-day's vision over these Arctic Seas has outclassed all the wonders past. They are made up by mountains numberless, half clad with glistening snow set into a picture that is simply unearthly in its purity, its outline, its ethereal shading, and its fathomless depth! I asked my new friend, if he had seen its like in all his travels! He said, "No!" The sun was in cloud, but it sent its blazing splendors down upon the grand panorama, just as we sit shaded while the illuminated canvas is unrolled before us! Henceforth, put into the word, Arctic, significances of splendors supreme and unreportable! Figuratively as well as literally this great, white, ethereal Polar Land is the very top of THE WORLD!

We are about two months late to see the Mid-Night Sun, at its best. Last night we were almost sure that we should take the whole thing in.

All went well, bright and clear till eleven o'clock, when a black cloud took the sun away from our sight. We watched out till twelve o'clock, then went to our bunks a very much disappointed crowd.

In the morning we were in the midst of inde-

scribable things! Twenty-four hours more and the solid ice that everlastingly begirts the Pole will coldly say to us, "Thus far and no farther!!"

A bright, breezy Irish priest is one of my roommates, and he makes himself very agreeable. My "Banker" is fine company right along.

We have just come to the very face of a glacier which you know is a river of ice greater or smaller, moving with a slow and terrible grind down to the sea. A wall of alabaster? Yes, with a certain bluish tinge, and the icy walls are castellated in myriad forms, seamed with opening fissures ready to tumble into the pounding waters! Yes, a sublime sight is the glacier!

Then the icebergs that are floating past us are not mere blocks of ice, but built up into the innumerable structures of endless forms and dimensions, and, even also suggestive of animal life. Then the heavens above so abounding and animate with winged life, and the mountains around about —near and far, little and great, which no man can number—coming to meet us, moving with us and then lifting their vanishing farewells to us—most etherially beautiful in the last fading outline!

Spitzbergen

Here we are almost to the top of the World! A bright sunny morning amidst glorious visions of the world. The wintriness of yesterday is gone and an ideal temperature makes all things genial. We tarry here only a few hours. Of this place our guide book says, The little Advent City containing

seven or eight houses is here. We visit some coal mines, in fact the northern-most mine of its kind in the World. I start this letter here. But about 11 o'clock, we go ashore and of that I will report later.

Wednesday and Thursday, memorable days! There is yet a circular space around the Pole that hitherto has successfully resisted human invasion. Man has never yet completely conquered the world. Friendly to a multitudinous animate life, *man,* it will not have. The powers of the frozen north bid us begone, so we turned and started back. But one great treat awaited us. It was cold and between that and lack of usual sleep, I kept my berth. But by midday the Sun seeing us going relented and began to put on his sweetest smile and from that time on till midnight we were Sun-gazers, and Sun-worshippers! We saw him dip, dip, down, down, smiling, smiling, smiling his sweetest, nearer, nearer to the horizon till the space between his rim and the sky-line of the ocean grew narrower and narrower, and then vanished altogether, and the flaming orb began to dip himself into the deep, till about one-third of his circumference was cut, and when the steamer guns thundered, "It is midnight," then we had two-thirds of the sun in clear view! That put a magnificent climax upon our trip, and we were a happy, triumphant lot! We had seen a sight of sights on this earthly ball. We had just secured the climax of our quest.

O ye dwellers beyond the West—I am yesterday, you are to-morrow, I am up and on, you are

in your beds! You see the sun go down in the far west, and rise again in the east, far as the east is from the west. *I* see him go down, or try to in the west, or east? Which is it? And rise again before he got down out of sight. East and West, Up and Down are getting mixed! Do you know where you are or where I am? Well, I know this, I never had such an appetite in all my life! Last night I ate and ate, and I am bound to say that the last bite was more relishing than the first, if possible, and so I could have kept up the game still longer, but I had the moderation to stop!

A most bright and beautiful morning, in some respects it is good to be going to the land of the Mid-Day Sun! Old Arctic was very warm and inviting coaxing us up, but a change has come over him, and he has been pursuing us for the last few days with a very frosty breath.

Yesterday, all but myself visited a famous Reindeer Camp, but I had my fill of wonderful sightseeing, in the afternoon. Such an array of grandeur and beauty, mountain, rock, vale, and water in combination infinite. There is little that can rival this patch of the earth we call Norway.

We steamed close up to the great, towering, almost perpendicular rock, and skidded on for miles, where ribbon after ribbon of plunging silver waters sparkled and dashed down to the sea, what a vision of beauty and motion it was! How did waters get so high for such a dash! Look where you would, on every side, the whole circle around, was kaleidoscoped with snow glittering in sunshine, towering

pinnacle, great whale-like rounded masses. Well, thus we went up between these two great mountain piles, the way narrowing as the mountain powers approached each other, step by step, seeming now about to close our way, and then another garden of green and growing things till at last, these giants of mountains interlocked their rock-mailed step, then clasped their granite hands, then put their huge shoulders and adamant back together and spoke in silent but imperative accent. "Ye Sons of Adam, thus far and no farther you ride, he that farther goes walks, but him also will we halt a little farther on." So, not yet, has human kind conquered the mountain heights and powers! Then did the pinnacled towers smile their lofty scorn? But we pocketed the chaffing and meekly turned back, feeling that we had gotten our fill of mountain glory. It seemed also as if Old Æolus got woke up at our approach, and joined hands with the mountain to blow us out of his skies. Do you make anything out of this rhapsody? Anyway I feel better for letting out something.

Today I depart from my rules as to extra excursions. There is to be a carriage ride to the boundaries of Sweden. And my "Banker-saint" says I must go, so I go.

On the railroad nearest the Pole! We went across Norway twice yesterday! Rivers, you know have been laying out railroad beds ever since this was a finished world. The running waterways were the first engineer prospectors, so to speak. It was a Norway fjord, river, we should say, that made

possible this road. We started out a happy expectant crowd, and went about two miles and then came to a stop! Now these old world people never are in a hurry. But this old Yankee was for the going ahead. Hence the following. The easy throng at once extemporized all kinds of diversions, while the Yankee fumed to get on. People talked happily as if the order of the day was to stop. Every man and boy was out with pipe, cigar or cigarette and smoked like chimneys. Then one and another began to wander off as if that were the order of the day! But the Yankee still fumed. Then they put in the band for a change. Then the Captain selects a pretty girl and dances with her up and down. Then the railroad track became interesting, men and women join hands and each try to walk a rail. That was easy. Then they hopped the sleepers. Then the experts came on and took track and sleepers on one foot! The Yankee interested, yet still fuming. After a long time there was a welcome blow of the whistle! Nobody seemed to mind it much, perhaps there was a lazy movement trainward. I said to myself, "They'll get left." Then long after, another whistle! But scarcely noticed! At last the third blow! Then with great deliberation and leisure I believe every mother's son and daughter of them did get aboard. This after a full hour's stop!! . . .

Now you are down to business. See that channel of water on your left, on your right, those mountains with their infinite shift of view, snow-capped with ribbons of torrents rollicking down

their gnarled sides, flashing in the glittering sunlight.

Now you feel the downward slope so easy, so steady; then you see fences, ten, twenty, thirty, feet high set to tell the snow-drifts where to form their line. By no means, and scarcely ever, along side close to the track, near and far, but now at one angle, then at another, then you are running under wood-sheds, looking through the cracks, then you are in the dark tunnelled rock where neither flake nor avalanche, naught short of an earthquake can touch, so you go up and down, down and up, and, to Sweden and back. And how big you grow, and how profoundly you respect yourself that you have gone and done such a big thing. But you are getting more tired than I was after I got back, for I walked ten miles, or less, on the downward slope to our steamer.

I have seen no newspapers for a long time, and I have almost forgotten that there is any other world than this great, strange, wonder-land of Northman, and the Midnight Sun!

I have to record one of the most brilliant and magnificent sunsets I ever looked upon. We were surrounded by a very wide water-space, giving us the vastest sweep of horizon I ever beheld, and the sunset far off in a most golden glory; then when the heavenly brightness had slowly faded out, there came this boundless horizon, the mountains were so far away as to sink to the level of the sky-line, so that it seemed like the hand-writing of the God of the mountain, there were the short letters,

the long letters, and it was easy indeed to imagine that an unseen hand was writing messages to the world.

There is one remarkable thing about all ships, that is, the everlasting scrubbing and cleaning. They turn us out every week or so to get dinner elsewhere, while all hands turn to and clean up, overhauling, up and down, and everywhere, all day long, and yet, like the rat that sticks by, in unreachable places, some stains remain.

Romesdel

Yes, write it down. It is already written where it will never fade out till memory is no more. Shall I call this the masterpiece of the tour? So many seem to be greatest! But this was a framed picture with definite limits, comprehensible in a way. It was a picture two times sixteen miles long, right, and left, thousands of feet high, each wall mated for size, but infinitely varied in shaping. The river was there for it has been digging and separating the two mountains ever since the earth was finished; brook, river, torrent, broadening lake; then all the green growing valley, with homes, well cultivated, fertile good farms, grasses, grains, and potatoes, of the rankest, and all this where the sun shines only two to four hours a summer's day, at a guess. So little drying sunshine that they hang the grass in thin layers upon wire fences or little handfuls on bean poles.

There are many neatly painted, cozy houses, I don't know how many turf-covered and high-grassed.

So there we went up, I in my little two wheeled one horse, Norway vehicle. How delicious it was thus to sit, and look, and wonder, and thrill at every configuration of glory, blessing God for this vision of his handy-work!

The last morning on good old Neptune, which has carried us so safely through our great cruise! A Glad and Friendly Farewell!! *Satisfied!*

Yesterday, I thought I was pumped completely dry of every exclamation of admiration, that all the O's and Ah's and all that kind of thing were used up, but strange to say, the last day was the greatest yet, in a new form.

After we had passed up to the Cape, there came an early snow-storm, reaching down to the very gates of Bergen, tipping every rock and mountain top with that immaculate whiteness seen only in these northern skies.

But on this last day of our trip, a glorious burst of warm sunshine set all the grand water-works of the two confronting mountains in their fullest play, forming a bewildering display of silvery streams flashing, foaming, tumbling, squirming, frisking, laughing, leaping down in myriad ways! Then that narrow channel zigzagging between the two heights seemed almost every rod to be about to close up and turn us back, yet we still went on and on, in our winding course, hour after hours, wondering what could come next or greater. The enchanted crowd, with glorified faces looked in each other's eyes and exclaimed, "The greatest day of All." The Grand Final was in the very last sylla-

ble of the tour, fast upon charming familiar Old Bergen, our starting point for this wonder-land. This climax was the turning of our prows northward into one of the most impressive fjords in which old Norway abounds.

Now comes transfer to the *Irma* to take us to old England again. Got to pack and move. Taken our last nap, and last meal on good old Neptune!

Have dinner and supper out in hotel, glad to have the day in quaint, charming old Bergen.

ENGLAND

ENGLAND

GOT into London, the biggest city in the world, last evening, and big as it is, I had a hard time to wedge myself into any kind of stopping place. But was at last successful in having the Linden Apartment Hotel take me in, by sending me out for the night to a neighboring House. Yes, I am in "Old Lunnon," what I shall do next is yet not clear.

I think I must tell you how near I came to getting really lost yesterday. I left my lodgings in the morning, I thought I was all right with my address, for I had it 111 Linden Hall, Residential Hotel. I put emphasis and dependence upon the Hotel, though I was not able or did not get the name of the street. When the time came to go to my lodgings, an unadvertised London shower had appeared. I found that Cabby didn't know anything about Linden Hotel, and Cook's office could give me no clew. Then I went out in the rain again to try cabs once more, but without avail. Meanwhile a gentleman came out of his store, and becoming interested in my situation, consulted the directory, but no Linden Hotel could be found! In spite of my protest those two business men (for I had been taken into his office), spent at least two hours of their time upon my case. I was getting a pretty solemn sense of what is to be lost.

But finally, by book and telephone, they were quite sure they had located my Hotel. So putting me into a cab with particular directions, they bade me a most kindly parting. The way was long and the turnings many, and my courage was failing, when I was directed by my driver to take a particular street. So I took my way afoot and walked on and on, seeing nothing I had ever seen before.

Finally when about to give myself up as utterly stranded, I walked across the street to a public carriage, and inquired of the driver if he knew anything about such a hotel. He shook his head, but as I was turning away another man came up, and said he thought he knew the house, that it was close by, and a little after produced a card with the familiar and welcome name. A near turn to the left, and I knew what it was to be *lost and to find myself again.* A delicious draught of the milk of human kindness was passed to my lips that strange lost day!

I have been a man of considerable ambition in my day, but I never did dream that I was to come to a seat in the English Parliament! And that in the House of Lords!! But that culmination of my life came to-day! The Anglo-Saxon race was the originator of Parliaments. Far back in the reign of King John, 1215, the people of England wrung "Magna Charta," from the crown, and made a pronounced beginning of free institutions.

Old England made the beginning, "of the government of the people, by the people, for the people." Now, when, and where in all the world, has

there grown and gathered such a mighty power for good, on the whole, for all mankind?

Here is the famous Westminster Abbey which dates back to the seventh century, rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, 1041-65, and taking its present form from the latter part of the thirteenth century. And here are the remains and monuments of more of the great of the earth than are gathered anywhere else on the globe. All and all, where is there history like English history, past and present? That little island has had more to do with great world's affairs than whole continents besides.

Far from what she ought to have been and might have been, where is the name or power that outranks her, all and all? One cannot look around from this great historic centre, read the names on monuments, and note not only those who have been mighty on English soil, but also in many climes in the present and the past, and not be profoundly impressed with what Englishmen, from the great captains down to the soldier in the ranks, have had to do with the affairs of the world. There is a beautiful monument in front of the Abbey, commemorative of the graduates of the Westminster School, some of them so young among the commanders of the great wars. It takes history to make these many and varied mementoes anything but mere letters or blocks of curious carving. If you have not this interpreter in your head and heart, little will you get of the works and the ways of man in the world. . . .

And this is old England! In my way I have seen her down to her very historical and geograph-

ical roots! Old Scandinavia is in a way, oldest England, but crude and unformed. But they had the making of a masterful and nobly progressive people. . . .

Our American ancestors were so fond of the land whence they were driven out that they took familiar old English names. There is scarcely a name of a street, locality, square, or monument but is as familiar to me as the localities of my own native New England, for in story or history I have been reading about them, more or less, all my life. I have sailed the Thames, that is but scarcely more than a brooklet as related to the great rivers of the world, but on the other hand, dwarfing them all in historic length and magnitude. Only the river Tiber, the Nile and the Jordan are competitors here, and the Jordan though but one third the length of the Thames, by reason of its diviner associations only, out-ranks England's greatest river, which is surpassingly beautiful and inspiring as it winds itself along between banks that one might, as it were, almost touch with the outstretched hands, and through a country so wrought by hands divine and human as scarcely to leave out a single touch of beauty and grace! There was the famous Windsor Castle and such adorning grounds, Eton College, and great historic estates, but Englishwise shut in, save the grandeur and charm that could not be veiled, and the white marble landings and stairways, suggestive of those stately and magnificent dwelling places of that hereditary nobility which endureth thoughout all generations, there,

must be the Eden of nature with all modern improvements.

How wonderfully green everything keeps here, and well it may, for a shower or more may be depended upon daily! Bright as the skies may be they cannot be trusted, so the wise are always ready for a down-pour!

A few nights ago I caught sight of the moon, and it occurred to me that I had not seen the "old man" in it for weeks, and I was thus carried far back to the time before I ever saw Old England!! Americans are scarce about here, have not met one for two weeks! One thing keeps up with me, that is good cool weather, often almost cold. All that comes my way, heat, and the south wind, under the lead of Gen. Humidity, are my deadly terror! My appetite is wonderful and my digestion attends to its business! Winston Churchill was married in Westminster Abbey to-day, and as he is half American I was a part of the great crowd that did the noble couple honor in the streets outside.

A croaking spirit had been telling me to be getting back home as soon as possible, for I was weakening dangerously. I had taken this outing because I supposed it was an easy one, but it had turned out a fearfully long, cold and wearisome one. It put me into a panic. I was trying every way to keep warm, and it was nightfall, and we were on the river still going from London, to which I must return before I could rest and sleep, and the shadowed river became my terror. This surely would be the death of me! The turn came but so

slowly and late! I took things to warm me up, I made all haste I could to get upon my train, but missed two trains, everything went against me! What a dreary and dreadful time it was. Never truant was more despairingly miserable. But I did get back to the blessed haven of my room again at last. But it was nearly 12 o'clock, midnight! But I had a splendid night's sleep! The croaker hid itself. Richard was himself again! Something like this happened to me over and over again in my mad way around the world! There was a strong, resistless hand at my back all the rounding way!

Gloriously cool the weather, no wilt upon the living green, for you can count upon one shower a day, and may get a half a dozen or more.

London completely overpowered me by its vastness. What shall I see? What can I see? And I concluded not to try it at all. I was *there,* what I saw, what I heard, what I felt, was *London!* No man knows London though he live man's longest life there! Something of all the world is there. The rich and great in all their glory are there, the poor in all their misery are there, London is the great refuge-city of all the wide world! But withal I was at home in her streets and squares and parks almost as much as in Old Boston itself, for somehow, some way, they were so familiar to eye and ear!

Londinium, the Old Romans called it more than 2000 years ago. It is on the river Thames, 90 miles from its mouth, and the whole length of this longest river of the British Isles is less than 300

miles, about three quarters of our Connecticut River. Yes, I have seen London, breathed London, felt of London, but to see more would not pay for the time and strength that it would cost me, so I as gladly go, as I was glad to see what I have seen. But whither? To Liverpool. Wherefore? We shall see. But one more backward grateful, sweep of blessed memories! For the things I have seen, so many, so great, so enchanting, for the faces I have looked upon, and the words I have heard and the wider deeper heart-touch with my human kind! Eighty-seven was not too late to take it, and, perhaps, not till then was I fully ripe to go. My age helped more than it hindered. I think there is a kindly welcoming waiting for those who have the heart to take risks. To Old Scotland, Norway, and England, my fatherlands, my brothers, sisters all, the way of the blood of my heart, it was all like a great home-visit. Somewhere, somehow, some way we shall meet again! Now, again, in a wider, deeper way I am going to the land of my fathers. I go soon whither where our first father and mother lived, to that great Eastern world, sanctified and glorified by the God of human Redemption.

Liverpool

This trip is doing great things for me. I am thriving upon it. My physical condition is better than when I left America. My eyes are resting and at the same time they are fully equal to all the demands made upon them. Almost everything

comes my way, people on every hand are kindly and helpful, I can hardly say too much for my friends Mr. and Mrs. F. They are cordial, congenial, and helpful. They are altogether, in principles, in intelligence, and social ways, the very best kind of people to travel with, they are "past-masters" in touring, they have seen much and seen well. He born and bred in London, made his business life and competence in New South Wales, where he found his wife, and now retired from business, he with his wife and daughter are taking the most interesting ways of the world at leisure.

Last Tuesday we had our parting talk three hours' long, and words went deep and high and with a rush! And do you know this man has been an arch instigator of my rounding the world from first to last!

THE MEDITERRANEAN

THE MEDITERRANEAN

I HAVE made up my mind to let out a buckle hole or two on my trip, going to Alexandria and from hence via Joppa on a trip to Jerusalem, then back down to Cairo.

To-day I go aboard the steamer, *City of Venice,* Liverpool, for a fourteen or fifteen day trip to Alexandria. Thus I shall be cut off from American letters well on to a month. So not a protesting note can reach me till I've gone and done it!! The steamer is as great for letter writing as railroading is against it.

Therefore letters will still be put on the way homeward as usual. Yes, of course, I am giving you a great shock, and if outsiders had any interest in the matter they would doubtless be all of your way of feeling about it. But, nevertheless, a power is pressing me onward that I have no desire or strength to resist. A strange fate! But so it is. Though my usual way is to question, hesitate and then go doubting, here and now the spell is onward, still onward, day and night alike!

For the three days I have been here in Liverpool my strength has been providentially put to a very severe test. It was on a long hunt for lost baggage. It is my estimate that I walked as far as five miles a day. And I seemed to thrive on it though one of those days was a pouring rain.

But the recovery of my useful baggage, which I finally despaired of ever seeing again, was a goodly compensation for all the trouble, and the whole experience convinced me that there was quite a little left to me yet. So with high expectation I am going through the very heart geographical of ancient civilization!!

We are now gently rolling on the "Bay of Biscay O!" A bright and sunny day after a dark and foggy Sunday. A little steamer, this, smaller than the *Cymric* and the *Kong Harold*—and less than fifty passengers against hundreds, but very good in its build, crew and company, largely made up of soldiers and their families returning from furlough mostly to Malta, England's great fortress in the mid Mediterranean sea near the toe of Italy's foot. I had to wedge in to go at all, but I have a prospect of more roomy quarters as passengers thin out. Everything is English, though the steamer has a foreign sound. The gastronomic round is, coffee and crackers in stateroom; breakfast, 11 o'clock lunch, dinner, 4 o'clock tea, and supper,—of the first and last six rounds, I held out against the innovation for a long time, but I am now filling the bill, as fitting the condition. For I find, contrary to my old theory, that the oftener I eat the better I am. So our old notions get warped and twisted. I go on rejoicing every day, wondering that it is myself that is thus traversing these vastly memorable ways.

What we are to half encircle is an old Bible land, which the Great Apostle of the Gentiles

longed for, and all these great waters and lands around the great way I am taking are saturated with all that is best and greatest in sacred and profane history. Never, never had I ever dreamed this lot could be mine!

From Paul to that Arab who garbled the Christian Scriptures into that militant slogan, "There is one God and Mohammed is his prophet," and started the fatalistic and carnal creed that went far and wide, east and west, at the sword's point of a fierce and fanatical soldiery, making Jerusalem and Constantinople, severally, Jewish and Christian capitals, permanently its own, and gravely menacing the subversion of Christendom itself, and moreover this then very Christian Spain was overborne by invincible Moorish hoards who held imperial sway there for centuries. And in its way it was a wonderful civilization, for golden glory, art, literature and song.

But Christian Spain was vital still and eventually reasserted herself, banished her invaders and in Ferdinand and Isabella, arose to the occasion by making Columbus able to realize his imperial dream of an undiscovered world. Then she raided ruthlessly and spoiled the imperial treasures of two continents, and for a century, was the power and the glory of the world of her day. For the sixteenth century Spain was, the head, front and the power of Christendom. And more than that, even she held unchallenged the supremacy of the world, the sixteenth century was hers. But though her glory shot up in such a sudden blaze, it subsided

with almost equal rapidity. And four years into the eighteenth century her old and most powerful antagonist England, after more than a century of hostilites, captured one of the very few most strategic fortresses on the face of the globe, the Straits of Gibraltar,—the key of the commerce of that internal ocean, where was all the commerce of the world till Columbus came, and which has vitally to do with every nation that touches upon its coast.

Of this magnificent prize England had no plan nor thought, till the God of battles thrust it into her hands, while she was fighting for her life. The history of this memorable rock is so interesting that I crowd it in here. It was taken by the Moors, 1309, retaken by them in 1333, and finally taken from them in 1462. It was attacked by the British July 21 and taken July 24, 1704. Besieged from Oct. 11, 1712, to March 10, 1713, by the Spanish and the French, with a loss of 10,000 men—the British loss was 400—Sir John Leake finally raised the siege and captured several ships. The Spaniards again attacked Gibraltar and were repulsed with great loss in 1720 and again in 1727, when with a force of 20,000 men they lost 5,000, the English losing 300. A siege by the Spaniards and French, extending from July 16, 1779, to February, 1783, with the greatest armament ever brought against a fortress, was wholly overthrown.

We are still "rolling" on in a way that makes misery for many of my fellow passengers, but while my internal equilibrium is well maintained I yet stagger like a drunken man on deck, and cling to

everything in reach lest, I tumble overboard. . . . "Many shall go to and fro and Knowledge shall be increased," is a prophecy forcibly brought in mind these days. Waters and mountains and deserts, and climates, and wild beasts and savagery have been holding people apart, for ages and ages, but now humanity is fast getting together and mixing up, so it has started towards the golden age of peace and good will, and I feel myself doing some of this mixing up missionary work! From this point of view, these new modern powers, steam, electricity, and the "wireless" are speeding on the day when it will seem a much more blessed thing to LOVE our fellow men than to KILL them!! There are just those alternatives. The world has tried the one way pretty thoroughly. And by the grace of God will some time make trial of the other, we may well believe.

We are now well rid of the boisterous Bay of Biscay, and are skirting along the coast of little Portugal, long since uncounted among the great powers of the world. We recall to mind that this little state in southwestern Europe was once the foremost navigator of the world. The Portuguese led the way to the East Indies, they made their way down Western Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and coasted along the Indian Ocean. Theirs were the pioneer trading posts of the East Indies, and one of the largest states of South America, Brazil, was a colony of this same Portugal.

To-night we pass into the most historic waters

of ancient, or modern times. Three continents face upon its shores. All nations of the world and of all times have had to do with it. The Greek, Roman, and modern world are alike woven in and over these central waters. Its historic cities and events are numberless. For me to come in touch, in a way, with localities and events of which I have read about, more or less all my life, is thrilling interest.

On my left hand, as I move on eastward are nineteen centuries of Christian civilization, and on my right are ten centuries of Mohammedan and Moorish history, both alike leading back to the Christian Scriptures. Africa, Morocco, Tangiers. Another kind of a man, swarthy, bare footed with light clothing, turbaned head, and an Oriental race. They swarm over our steamer, peering everywhere with curious eyes, but en route, all natives are limited to the lower deck.

How these men keep their feet sound in their rough work is a wonder. But human nature is the same the world over, for I have seen the fop there and all the class varieties.

We have had three or four days of delightful weather, I get many kindly services every day, and some of it is so fine, so tactful and unobtrusive that I find my heart going out on the right hand and the left.

We are all of one blood. One family are all the children of men. The most precious thing on earth is the good will, and the love of our kind. Nor is it greatness in station, knowledge, or power, nor

golden harps or streets that make heaven but great loving hearts.

He was a tall, well-set man with a good head, a good countenance, robed and turbanded *à la Turk,* he stood on the forward upper deck close by a narrow stairway to the lower deck, his face toward Mecca, a passing deck-hand motioned him down to his own kind on the lower deck but meekly yet firmly he kept his place and began his devotions. They were performed in no rushing, hurried way. His firm and expressive lips moved with meaning and emphasis, now his open palms were before his eyes as a book, then he bowed his body at a right angle at the hips, then rose erect, then dropped upon his knees, then pressed his forehead twice to the deck, then rose to his feet again, and then repeated the same, evidently a set formula. When that strong man stood and moved those expressive features towards his Holy Place, and was so publicly, and so elaborately and emphatically declaring his faith, as it were, in the market place of the world it was an arrestive sight indeed. How I would have appreciated a good, free, heart-to-heart talk with such an honest man. By signal guns and outward signs Islam prays and makes public his faith. Is it not a sin and shame that a people claiming to have the very best religion in the world seem so often to be ashamed to show their colors? Let us own up who of us has not had sometime a shrinking near to cowardness and shame for our most precious faith? "Ashamed of Jesus" that there should be call to write a hymn as that. . . .

My old friends, the great mountains are out in line on the Barbary shore. What a sight is that delicate penciling of the ever-waving sky-line!

Tangier

O ye eternal Hills, ye great Mountains! Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. Thy righteousness is like the great mountains. How significant in our Holy Books are Ararat, Moriah, Sinai, Carmel, Lebanon, Zion, Olivet, and CALVARY! The mountains are the hands of the world lifted up to God.

Upon our lower deck are two bands of pilgrims, the one for Jerusalem, the other for Mecca. They have from the Steamer only transportation and water, but they supply and cook their own food, and also have their own tents and bedding. They are of all ages, men, women, and children. They seem to be a measurably happy company as the world goes. There is a comely and high strung woman that shows some lofty scorn at some things and people about her. The queenly spirit and will show out, plain clothes notwithstanding. There are some wide spaces to be closed up before the children of men can all keep Thanksgiving at the same table! To-day each kind exalts itself and looks down upon all the world besides. A very complaisant situation all around but not much like the Millennium. This is a queer world. Here, my friends, all barefooted, bare legged for the most part, not at all over clothed, or well off, yet very hard-working folk; on the one hand; and myself

on the other, going far different ways, and each barring the rest of the world out of the good things to come in the great hereafter, myself also discounting their expectations several hundred per cent. How it contributes to the "gaiety of the nations" that every man stands first in this world and looks for the best of the great hereafter. In the large how great a riddle is human life in this world. . . . But no wise man looks down with contempt upon these eastern races. They are God's creation and who is more than that?

Algiers

Hot weather has come at last, and I am in a perspiration for the first time since I left America's hot and muggy skies. Yesterday, I was right in the midst of shifting cargo, and a mighty work it is! The play of enginery in lifting like feathers, any weight or mass! The will and the way the might of man worked! How stalwart, clear-eyed, level-headed, and strong-handed that man sat, running that power, so skillfully that he never made a miss or break all the livelong day through, was wonderful. There were tons of hay, piled and stowed here and there, everywhere! How the ropes and pulleys ran! Whole horse-loads, and men's feet and hands knitting the high play of bales, hogsheads, barrels, lumber, in short, everything movable, is swung hither and thither, up and down, like children's toys! Think of the infinite capacity of the steamers of the world, big and little. The mind of man staggers under the

sense of the immensity of the commerce of this steam and electric driven world!

Delightful weather, clear skies, deep, wide horizons make magnificent sunsets. They that see the sun go down in near-by tree-tops only, cannot dream of the wonderful glory, the exquisite beauty of color which sunlight and cloud can throw upon the skies!

The greatest social find of the trip to the Levant is an English Professor of a Swiss Institute in Alexandria. He is a man who knows both books and things, with whom talk talks itself! We got at it yesterday afternoon, and it must have been nearer three hours than two in which we went through all space and all time! To meet a stranger of your own kind is one of the richest things of life. This man is not one of the fervid and effusive kind, but the opposite rather, keeping close to his book. He came to me in a kindly and helpful way, and so we caught on. He is to be my guide about Malta, and introduce me to Alexandria.

You would not know how kindly the world is treating me if I did not talk some about myself.

Fourteen days out from Liverpool and "All is Well." How glad and uplifted I am for what my eyes can yet see! I walk with my head in the heavens! O this grand, historic Sea! The same ceaseless roll of the waves, and the same blue overarching skies, immovable, everlasting things that have stood while the transient generations have quietly passed, or stormed through their little span of time. So muse I in luxurious ease looking on

the very rocks and shores where Paul had his ever-memorable shipwreck! I know that my eyes sweep a stage of earth and sea upon which the destinies of heroic men and mightiest nations have had their utmost throb! The great histories of Greece and Rome are written upon and around about where I am to-day. If you have read history and your heart has been thrilled by the mighty deeds and trend of the past, the things you see will be all the time mingling with that you have read and felt. The richness of travel will be according to the knowledge of the world you bring to it. If land and sea and cloud and sky are all, they are not far unlike everywhere.

My service is to whet your curiosity. Well, here I am, in this memorable harbor which is filled, less or more, with vessels of war or commerce from all nations. A good friend of a companion heads our party of two. The Maltese boatman rows us ashore, we climb these granite steps, clean as clean can be, great and strong as is all that pertains to this massive fortress. The ancient armor shown here in its variety and fineness, in its novelty to modern eyes, is an antique treat! How men could stand and fight with such weight and chafing is hard to imagine! But till the age of gunpowder, that was the regulation equipment and this panoply even held over into the gun-shot age, for I saw a helmet that had five bullet dents deep driven in, that must have made the flesh and bone underneath uncomfortable at least. Spears, swords, battle-axes of all varieties were there, the battle-axe

with its hook to drag the foe into striking reach, breech loading guns were there, and almost every weapon ever devised whereby a man could wound and kill his fellow man.

There are many people in the world who are always ready to crack a joke at the name of "Smith" as if it were made only to laugh at! But the "Smiths" were ever at the right hand of the Knights' table, their seat of honor. In a way the Knight was the creation of the Smiths. Every mother's son of them must have been a genius to invent, and an artizan to forge!

But that day went by when cannon balls began to fly, the soldier could not longer carry adequate fortifications in the way of coats of mail. But when war hailed bullets and globes of iron, the soldier went out in soft and easy clothes, gaudy with color, to be mangled and torn as no weapon of hand could wound or mangle.

Malta

One hundred and fifteen square miles, a little larger than our District of Columbia, the land setting of our Capital, Washington. One of the very oldest of islands. It was known to the Greeks as Ogygia; the residence of the nymph Calypso, whose grotto is still shown. Malta through all history has been regarded as a most important national asset. Next to Gibraltar, in the modern world it commands the Mediterranean Sea. To the ancient world it was the key of the only Ocean of Commerce of which they knew.

Of course then, the Phœnicians, the first and last great Sea Power of Antiquity were the first to recognize its importance and to possess it. And there have been excavated such an amount and variety of Phœnician relics as to make it certain that that enterprising race built up their early and great civilization upon this memorable island. Then the Greek drove out the Phœnician, the Carthaginian drove out the Greek and wrestled long and heroically with all masterful Rome for the empire of the great Middle Sea.

In the first Punic war 264-241 B. C. Malta seems to have been conquered and reconquered more than once. In the second Punic war it passed to the Romans 218 B. C. During all this time from the Phœnicians on, the island continued in a highly prosperous condition, doubtless because no power that held it could fail to see that its value lay in its position combined with its strength as a stronghold. It was always fought for to be held intact as a station of power. Not only, so, but though the soil had little fertility originally, there came to be the raising and manufacturing of fine products. Then the inhabitants of the island were always rich and prosperous.

There is abundance to show that Malta was no unimportant part of the old Roman Empire, historic references to it are many, honorable and interesting, but the shipwreck of Paul upon its dangerous coast has touched Malta with a sacred and heavenly association.

Malta remained in Roman possession many cen-

turies, was assigned to Constance in the division of the Empire 337 A. D. with Italy, Illyria and Africa, but in the division at the death of Theodocius in 397 Malta went with the Empire of the East. Its conversion may be a fact of history. There were Bishops of Malta.

The Saracens did not get possession of Malta, till after severe and repeated struggles in 828, 836, and 870 A. D. It fell, at last, by treachery, and it is said that part of its fortifications were destroyed to make it more easy to defend a smaller arrear. A few coins are preserved, but otherwise there is little to show of the Arab dominion which lasted about 220 years. The name was changed to Medina, Great City.

The Normans who carried their conquering arms into Apulia, Calabria and Sicily and even sent ships to Byzantium were the first from the far North and West to touch Malta. Perhaps, Roger I landed in the island and levied it about 1090 A. D. Then Roger II, the tribute not being paid, landed with a fleet about 1127, took Medina, liberated all the Christians and levied heavy tribute upon the Saracens. Christianity was reëstablished. After the Norman Princess had held the island about a hundred years, the kingdom of the two Sicilies, with Malta, in 1194 went to the Emperor Henry VI. No traces of the crusades are found in Malta, but the island must have in some way had to do with that great and protracted struggle. In the 13th century Malta came under Spanish rule, sharing with Spain the struggle with the Moors. Their

last king of the Spanish House, Charles V, granted Malta with Gozo to the Knight Templars of St. John, 1530, who held it till 1798, when it was taken by Napoleon.

Knights of Malta, Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. Knights of St. John-Knights of Rhodes.

The Military Order was formed about 1099, confirmed by the Pope in 1113, in 1119 the Knights defeated the Turks at Antioch. After the Christians had lost their interest in the East, and Jerusalem was taken, the Knights retired to Acre which they defended gallantly in 1290. John, King of Cyprus, gave them Limisso, where they staid till 1310, when they took Rhodes under the Grand Master Vallaret, the next year and the next year also defended it under the Duke of Savoy. From this also they were called the Knights of Rhodes, but Rhodes being taken by Solyman in 1522 they retired into Canada, thence into Sicily.

Steaming again. We are having some of the most delightful voyaging on the smoothest of seas, and in a most exquisite atmosphere. To-morrow will end my third ocean trip, since I left home. Then we see Alexandria, so called after a young man who conquered the world of his day and died at 32!

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

EGYPT AND THE HOLY LAND

A THREE days' wait at Alexandria before I move on to Joppa, but there is enough to keep me lively meanwhile in my first city in the Orient. It is fortunate and handy for me that I can stay aboard till I take steamer for Joppa. How digestion that worked so poorly for more than fifty years now handles my astonishing meals, I pass over in wonder!

I don't see newspapers, much less American papers, and I am calm and quiet as an oyster, while your political pot is boiling over, and millions of people are thinking that the country is going to be ruined or saved about a month hence!

This Eastern world does not spend much time or thought about your boasted world. It has big matters of its own to look out for, and yours is a strange far-off world to them.

Alexandria is a great, calm, clean, white and marble city. Nothing combustible in sight! These spotlessly kept foreign cities make a Yankee somewhat ashamed of his own Boston, and this superincumbent atmosphere and temperature make the land of the Nile the sanitary Eden of the world. Yesterday the sun was hot over us, but how fresh were the breezes that blew about us! The streets here like most eastern cities are very narrow, and

as a consequence it is only at a certain angle that the sun's rays can get down into them at all. That makes for coolness, but also the lively breezes can turn all corners and breathe its freshness everywhere. Many of these streets have a very social, even festive look, as the hotels and restaurants set their tables upon the sidewalks, and their guests eat, smoke and talk at their leisure. But strange ignorance, for even our babies can talk English, but not one in a thousand of these grown folk can even understand a word of plain talk!! This is a deplorable thing for a stranger in a strange land. The "Injun" who stuck to it that "not Injun but wigwam, lost," would have had a hard time here and given up that "Injun" *was* "lost" in these dumb streets.

I got lost two or three times yesterday and had an acute sense of not knowing "where you are at." But the Guardian Angels whom we never see, but are always around us brought me safely back to my steamer-home and the "lostness" fell off. I must have walked not less than five or six miles, and every pore of my skin ran wide open! But a good supper, a lemon and a good night's sleep, the best for a long time, have made me as good as new this glorious morning.

I may venture now to tell you a little story that I have been keeping to myself. What unseen dangers I have escaped, the good God only knows! I have been made to see how I might have dropped out of life, and it would never have been told when, how and where! It was this way. I was stay-

ing aboard the *City of Venice,* in the "French Gate" Dock at Alexandria, which is two or three miles from the heart of the city. On one of my visits to the city, I timed my return long before dark, though I was confident that I well knew my way, but to my great surprise my conductor on the tramway did not know where "French Gate" was. It was now nightfall, and to say that I felt uncomfortable is drawing it mild. Finally, the conductor, after much inquiry, stopped the car and told me that this was near "French Gate." It was getting dark and the way was not clear, but after much inquiry I found myself walking, arm in arm, with an Egyptian soldier, who said he would take me to my steamer. We walked on and on till I turned to him and said, "You don't know where the *City of Venice* is! He seemed a good honest fellow, but was evidently in doubt. It was then dark and the dock was not well lighted. Several men had gathered around us, and were jostling me and pressing their services, so I got desperate and seeing a large French steamer at hand, I made for it and went aboard and inquired for some officer, declaring I would not go out on that wharf again that night! Well, an officer came and took me by the arm and led me, against my most vigorous protest, down the gangplank in the midst of the men that were struggling to offer me their services as my guide. So there I was again out in that crowd of strange men. But I had kept fast hold meanwhile upon my seemingly honest soldier. I had given my other arm to another man who as-

sured me that he knew just where my steamer was. Some of the crowd also followed on. Then we walked on and on till I turned to the new guide and said to him most emphatically, "You don't know where my steamer is." But he insisted that he knew, so we still kept on going until finally the familiar old steamer was right before us! I got aboard, and told the steward to pay the man, and took comfort, thankful that I was not knocked on the head and thrown into the sea! Yet safe out of it, a perilous adventure gives zest to the story. When asked if my valuables were all safe, I took count of stock, for I had all my checks, pocket-book and purse with me! The pocket-book in my hip pocket was gone, but only a few cards were in it. All else was safe.

Suez Canal

Here we are at anchor, in the famous Suez Canal, where we shall spend a day shifting freight, moving on in the night,—leaving me at Joppa to-morrow morning.

This is a French steamer, but there is enough "mother tongue" to make things workable. There are three classes of passengers, first, second and third. I rank second, but equal to any first class that I have tried. The table is of the best, for the French know how to cook. Who does not know that French bread is the best in the world? Many take tickets without board.

The French table is nothing without the bottle, and it was free on this line, but I never saw it so

on any other part of my trip. I still adhere to my plan to make my visit to Jerusalem a short one.

. . .

The immense freighting business of the world! One gets a sense of it, seeing the tonnage a steamer will take, and the countless freighters that are doing their work all over the world.

Jerusalem

Joppa is unpleasantly memorable for having no wharf landing, but you must go from steamer to land, and from land to steamer by a fearfully rocking rowboat!

Until a very short time ago, there intervened a long and toilsome way from the sea to the grand goal, Jerusalem, but now it is as short and easy as steam and rail can make it. So you may quietly look and dream yourself, up upon Mount Zion in less than the hours of one afternoon. It was not blooming summer time, the fields were brown and bare, the cacti and hardy things were alive, strange animals were moving along,—the ungainly but immensely useful camel was there,—and the donkey, that homeliest, smallest, strongest, and most sure footed beast that ever bore man on his back, was there,—the sheep and the goat were there. On the whole, nature was working her minor key that day, and I was not sorry it was so. Our profoundest life is enriched by a minor chord. But we are nearing the Holy Mount, the grade is growing more heavy, the turning, the rounding, and the ever doubling back, yet so rising higher, and yet

higher still! There is a cavernous break on the face of a great rock, by which with a competent guide you would emerge on the summit of Zion's Hill, having traversed those caverns, made by quarrying for the granite wherewith Jerusalem, from first to last, was built up. Now we are going up another way. There is not a green or living thing in sight, save that brave little olive tree that cheerfully flies its dark green banners, the only embellishment of the gray old mountain masses. But we are winding and rising higher and higher up, and it is strange to see desolation giving way to cultivation! First the solitary fig tree, the shrubs and the vines, the gardens and then vineyards and the broad fields of flocks and herds!

But Jerusalem is not of things that grow so much as things that are built. It is rock that, first and last, has been the substance and symbol of Jerusalem, nature made it a mountain of rock, and out of the bowels of that mountain, Jerusalem has risen by a wall, fortress, towers, temples destroyed but ever built again and perpetuated by habitation, temples and defenses of ROCK!

Now has come to Jerusalem what it never had before, viz., a place upon the great highway of the nations of the modern world. Of sea-ports she had none, of river ways none. But now you will find Jerusalem upon the RAILROAD, that mightiest, swiftest transporter of mass, merchandise and peoples known to mankind!

Perhaps a few pertinent extracts might be allowed here. "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be

praised in the city of our God and in the mountain of his holiness." Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the Great King. And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, "Come ye let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us his ways and we will walk in his paths; for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people; and they shall beat their swords into plow-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Isa. II, 2 also Isa. LX, 8. "Who are these that fly as a cloud and the doves to their windows?" Such words as these are immensely suggestive. All and all, what spot on the face of the globe has so intensely focused the attention of mankind as this Mount Zion, Jerusalem? Then consider that Jerusalem is the only earthly name ever given to Heaven! Has not all that we know of God put superlative emphasis and sanctity upon this holy Mountain? Why should it not be the very heart of the World when the World's heart is God's?

The rise of the "Young Turk" has already made a newer and a more attractive Jerusalem. From all over the world are interests, political, social, edu-

cational, scientific, financial, as well as religious,—and religious of so many kinds! But is it not about time that modern science, invention, mechanics and capital gave that grand old site a water supply? Her one greatest physical lacking, supplied, how that Mount Zion would "bud and bloom as a rose"!

But let us get down to the personal and concrete. On a glorious October Sunday morning I went out alone to find my own way about, but a man was out watching and following me. I so wanted to be alone that I was going to do the day somehow by myself. So I tried to get away from my follower, but though I spoke somewhat roughly to him, he yet followed serenely on. He was a nice looking young fellow, and I began to feel the absurdity of my independent plan, so I went up to him and told him that I would accept his guidance, and that he could take me the next day to some responsible man who would say what I should pay him. He seemed delighted with my proposition, and we were friends at once. He proved a most intelligent and agreeable fellow, had been in some college, there, a year or so. He knew Jerusalem like a book, the space I cared to go over was not great, and by noon I knew that my eyes had swept over and over Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, Calvary, and with that I had gotten the heart of all I came for.

The endless traditional particularity of a thousand and one things I had no heart or care for. But "Abraham" was very anxious that we take donkeys and go down to Bethany. This we did. What a

homely little, strong, sure-footed creature a donkey is! It was a novel ride, a mile or two, I should say, to Bethany. There was a little square of white marble foundation, so small for a house, 12 or 15 square feet as it seemed to us, and this, or something like it, was the place where Mary and Martha with their brother Lazarus entertained Him who "had not where to lay his head." I could see that Abraham had no end of these particular places to show me, they were his stock in trade, and it was a very great disappointment to him that I had not more faith in the traditions of Jerusalem. He tried so hard to get me to go down to Bethlehem! But Bethany was the limit, and we were through that and back to the New Grand Hotel by 4 o'clock P. M. There were two services that memorable Sabbath Day! Had it been possible I would have hastened away that very moment, that no other memory should mingle with or stain the hallowed vision! I have seen WHERE was the Tragedy of Time and The Redemption of Eternity!! But Islam bombs the hour of prayer to another God on Zion's Holy Hill.

With little change these words of Paul serve my use. For "I determined to know nothing here save Christ Jesus and Him Crucified." Two nights and one day more I had to stay at my Mohammedan hotel. Some of the waiters, not being very accommodating, I referred the matter to the proprietor himself, and, thereafter, I got very honorable attention. Abraham hung around sorrowfully hoping I would relent. Poor fellow!

I now have a great regret that I did not go to Nazareth, for that is holiest ground outside of the Holy City, that Holy Town where the Lord was a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter, for thirty years. The worst little town in the world. Would that I had seen Nazareth!

Islam and the Turk seem likely to hold the Holy City for an indefinite time to come, as Turkey no longer is looked upon as the sick man but has found that favor with formidable Germany that will secure the integrity of its dominions for the present at least. It would seem that Christendom might have spirit and power enough to make Jerusalem a free, prosperous and attractive cosmopolitan city.

Beyrout

Got away to Joppa Tuesday morning, but had a hold up there for the night, for no steamer was going my way that day. It was a white marble and apparently Christian Hotel, for all the rooms had conspicuous Bible names, and texts, and everything was clean and tidy, as could be, and the charge was only $1.60 a day. But I was almost eaten up by fleas. When I made complaint to the host in the morning, he asked me if I did not let down the netting. I said it did not look as if it was meant to be let down. But the wicked flea had a banquet; how the little rascals did bite! The next morning I got steamer, but it took two days and nights to get to Beyrout instead of one. Those two days and nights were hard for me, but I was somewhat relieved to learn that this was the hottest and the

most humid weather they have hereabouts. I slept in a steamer chair on deck, instead of in my stuffy stateroom.

As I look back, I see that I roughed it quite a little for so old a boy. It looks harder than I thought it at the time. Yet notwithstanding all, I had a most delightful time in the college and the city. There was a young professor in the college, who was ideal in his goodness and care of me all the while I was in Beyrout, giving me information, making things as pleasant as possible to me, getting ticket and seeing me to my very stateroom door. I said to the dear fellow on parting, "I am in no way a Paul but you measure up to Timothy." He is spiritually in love with his missionary work and is of good strong blood; the great editor, Charles A. Dana, was his uncle. So my "touch and go" with young and old, men or women, all around the world was so near to one unbroken, delightful fellowship!

The hot spell continued on my way back via Port Said, Alexandria, to Cairo, but I gradually got toned up again. I shared a stateroom with a fellow traveller, but nights I donned my good old ulster and took it out on deck with a steamer chair.

Cairo

To-day I gave myself to seeing this Old and New Egypt, for there are two such now, distinct and in many ways greatly contrasting. Old Egypt was the accumulation and growth of ages, great and unfathomed, if not unfathomable. The New Egypt

and Cairo are mainly the work of our Old England. The New Cairo is growing more rapidly, probably, than any city in our Western World, has English government, English brains, and English capital back of it. And it is a most clean and palatial city, largely in white marble of modern construction, beautiful and attractive.

Here is a strange mixture of strange people of strange ways, and stranger are the animals that traverse the streets, the little, odd, homely, and handsome donkey, so small, so strong and so patient! Then the great camels, so destitute of all grace and proportion, with the little head and flopping under lip, long, goose-like neck, ungainly hump-back and long strong legs, pacing and swinging along, beating out his time in his gait, and loaded with immense burdens of every conceivable thing that has to be moved about. And like the little donkey often carrying great freights larger than himself.

Here, also, we see every kind of vehicle crawling or shooting through the crowded thoroughfare, we see sidewalks, by whole blocks, turned into eating rooms, and no man knows how many people there are here, who have no home but the street, and who, day or night, lay themselves down upon the public sidewalks, ofttimes with but a paper under them! Though all tongues under heaven are spoken, you are a lucky man, should you get lost, if you hit upon one who knows English, and if perchance you find a man who pretends to it, he looks for a good tip for a jumble of which you under-

stand not a word! Something like this is the place called Cairo, and as rich in trading marts, stores and banks as the great cities of the world. Precious stones and jewelry have superlative importance in all the traffic of the East.

With a climate generally even, wholesome, refreshing, varying enough to escape tamest monotony, Egypt is the winter resort and sanitarium of the world. Such in a way is this Cairo, yet I shall not take up my abode here till the place is cleared of some of its outs, among which is its shameless beggary. But Egypt is the Nile and the Nile is Egypt! This waterway is peerless among all the rivers of the globe. From the lakes and rivers of deep and distant Africa, 3,370 miles away, this great flood pours itself along for 2,000 miles without a single tributary, like a trunk of a tree as high before coming to its first branch. For ages unknown, Nature has been spreading all Egypt with the soil of a continent, last of all known to mankind, and with the residue, pushing headlands into what was for the ancients the only ocean known,—now but an inland sea, so this everlasting, unresting Nile has been building its deltas on the great Mediterranean Sea, ever since rivers began to flow! An object lesson in irrigation! Besides, here is a land of Eden fertility, nearly four times larger than the British Islands, that does not need to be kept up to its work by labored and expensive fertilization; which produces five successive crops in a single season. And, yet, to-day, the poor man of this paradise of the harvest field has to do the best he can

with his eight or ten cents a day! Surely, if the beggar has a right to his business anywhere, it is in a condition of things like this! Will the world ever even up in respect to the enormous bounties which Divine Providence yearly lavishes upon mankind? Alas, for the scarcity of bread with the bursting storehouses and the overflowing granaries of youngest Egypt!

How the mighty turbid torrent rolls itself along!

How much we are at home in Egypt, for it is one of our great Bible lands! And yet it lies close alongside that Dark Continent longest kept hidden from the world of books. Without letters, no people are more than two or three generations old. The measuring rod of nations is their recorded history. Now, we are talking around the world. What next?

To-day I came to the Pyramids. There they stand, and have stood, thousands of years. The one I saw to-day was just a little disappointing, as the stonework was not so nicely matched, nor were the stones themselves so large as I looked for. I saw nothing impossible, to old-fashioned instrumentalities. These monuments of dead and dissolved kings are themselves showing the marks of time. Yet they are great things to see. There was the Old Sphinx, so much larger than life, facing the east, and however much worshipped or questioned, still remained, and remains the silent unanswering god! But some way, by battle or spoiling hand, the silent deity got his nose badly damaged and it has not healed up yet, but the rest of the

face keeps right on showing no signs of pain or wear. Around about that plot of sand-hills I rode my little donkey, and at a certain point, right in the face of the Sphinx, a kodak was snapped upon us, the result of which operation you see before you.

Strictly speaking neither Alexandria nor Cairo touch Old Egypt, at all, for both are but badges of foreign conquest, the first by Alexander of Macedon, the second, Cairo, by the Saracen. Neither does Bible history, which parallels Egyptian records from Abraham to the last of the New Testament, go back to the beginning claimed by Egyptian antiquity.

Memphis and Thebes were the great capitals of Old Egypt. What is the essence of the Egyptian civilization. Is it not found in the Pyramid and embalmed royalty? Thirty-one dynasties of kings storing their indestructible bodies in an indestructible tomb? Thus wrought imperial Egypt, for more than 4,000 years! And with measurable success in its way, for what human forms have been kept from dust and destruction so long? Egypt, the earliest and, perhaps the greatest of the ancient civilization, side by side with Africa, the lowest and the darkest to come to the light of the world!

I had a most excellent guide, and a perfectly satisfactory tour, and feel scarcely any weariness at all. One thing more, I rode miles and miles, with vast stretches of water on each side of the tramway, which the delta of the Nile flooded preparatory to a new crop.

Yesterday a German-American friend came in a carriage and took me over to his house-boat, the most romantic and charming little home imaginable, securely anchored in a quiet eddy close upon the mighty current of the Nile, only a fifteen minutes' ride from the business heart of the city. The rooms were most cozy and inviting, and the deck served a refreshing outlook to the magnificent surroundings. A Nubian man-servant, served for all work, outside and indoors, for two dollars and a half a week, the year round. For a rainless country the house-boat is quite ideal.

Constantinople

Constantinople was the one place I so planned to visit that I had my passport in hand (the places I visited they were not required), but I did not see that great centre around which have been the mightiest conflicts of mankind. Here Moslem still holds sway, and the Turk yet keeps his weakening grip. Strange is the situation hereabout. The Ottoman Turk controls offensively the Holy Sepulcher of Christendom. He commands the old capital of the Greek Christian Church. Yet Turkey has no navy, and as a power could not stand for a moment before Russia whose sacred city she holds. Why is it that this deadliest enemy of all Christianity continues to desecrate these her holiest shrines? Simply because the Christian nations are not Christian enough to put their religion above their politics. The family quarrels of Christendom. Whatever the true situations, there seems

THE SPHINX AND THE AUTHOR.

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to be little danger that Islam will ever again become such a terror and scourge as she has been to Christianity. However, it may be as to other wars, it is to be hoped that there will be no more Holy wars.

Why make we not more of the conquest of Old Rome by primitive Christianity? Do our people know much, or anything about it? What can make more for our faith than to know what blessed things it has wrought in the world?

INDIA

INDIA

NOW I am facing onward into this vastest oldest, richest of all the continents of the world, that will so overtax all my senses, thought, knowledge and imagination to comprehend, where all that is in man, and of human nature will be played upon to the very top of their bent, for nowhere has humanity been so massed in its millions, so overlaid in the unknown depths of its generations. Divine Power and Grace have touched the Orient as have they not any other human habitation; and yet, notwithstanding, the long story of human kind in the Asiatic depths makes more for heartbreak than for inspiration; yet what so attracts and fascinates as a touch and go through this mysterious hive of our race! Yes, yes, make it what you may, Old Asia is our ultimate homeland! And the prospect of living, through that oldest and most human laden continent of the world makes a boy of four score and seven!

Yet, yet I go, leaving a great regret on the right side of me and a great regret on my left hand also. That Valley of the Nile and Historic Bosphorus!

Aden

Bab-El-Mandeb is the poetical name which the orientals give to these straits upon which Aden is located. "The gate of tears," because of the

rough and dangerous waters. This is a fresh sample of the Old World, most novel and interesting. Besides Asia's varied races and their ways, we have strange types of Africans, among whom the white haired negro was a conspicuous sight. Though it was Sunday we were in the midst of a traffic as intense as Wall Street, at its sharpest. Those stranger men that stood to their post, upon their rocking boats that dart around our steamer, with their feathers so brilliant and varied in soft waving splendor, the horns and skins and all other forms of merchandise, animal or vegetable which the depths of wild strange Africa sends out, we say, that those men who did business around us that day, understood their trade and played their game up to the best in their line. They had the face to put on a big price and they could climb down, but they knew where to stop. Ever and anon beautiful feathers, magnificent horns, etc., and the man or woman that had "money to burn," I have no doubt gathered great spoil that day. But I took my fill in a less expensive and, who knows, but as satisfactory way? We had a lady in our party who owned a controlling share in one of our large cities' street cars, she has seen the hid treasures of the Orient, and I am quite sure she brought home great and well chosen spoil of this sort, and has a story to tell that I know nothing of. But my four hours to-day greatly widened my knowledge and interest in my fellow men. And while I did not take up even the simple post-card fad, I yet, nothwithstanding, had my way of "doing" the

world which for myself could hardly be improved upon. Think of the unconscious preparation for it which I had, 87 years! Then the utter inexperience of it. Then the kindness and the cordiality with which the old man was everywhere received!

But where am I? Ten days from Boston to Liverpool, 14 days from Liverpool to Cairo, then next Sunday morning, Nov. 23, 13 days from Cairo to Colombo, Ceylon, 37 days by steamer from Boston. I will be ready for hotel and land, after being cooped up with a nice young Frenchman in a cramping stateroom and a bed where you cannot kick nor roll. If this be the latitude of India, it is yet delightful weather, no rain, no clouds, but ornamental ones, ever fresh breezes, and sunrise and sunset as never seen outside the tropics. Such color and such fantastic sky-painting! The double glory of the day is its coming and going. Alas for the benighted that have no horizon. The word has gone round that at 8 o'clock this evening we take hotel quarters at Colombo.

Ceylon

Mountainous Ceylon was romantic in prospect, but the reality has astonished me. After all my enthusiasm over charming Scotland I must pass the banner to where "the spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." The Scottish peaks are only about 2500 feet high, while here you can comfortably ride up to 8000 or more with a wide sweeping prospect that is novel and indescribable in its beauty and charm. A grand half day's sight-

seeing this has been on the plains and the rising foothills. This is the most completely and thoroughly cultivated spot of ground in the world, I am bound to believe. Every thing grows here and grows mightily. Ceylon claims she can produce one-tenth of the rubber supply of the world. The tea and coffee fields spread out everywhere in their beauty and bounteous wealth. For what nature made it and for what man has made it let us note a little what the world at large has called this little island world.

I. Greek—The land of the Hyacinth and Ruby.

II. Chinese—The Flowery Kingdom.

III. Buddhist—Pearl Drop on the brow of India.

IV. India—Land of Delight.

V. Persia—The land of Rubies.

VI. The Resplendent Brahman.

VII. Mohammedan—The Home of Adam and Eve.

VIII. Portugal—The Isle of Majesty.

IX. English—An Eastern Paradise.

For myself I should call it "The Ne Plus Ultra of Islands!"

I am just boiling over with shame and indignation at the moral plague-spots and seas of corruption which abound everywhere in our boasted Christendom. It is not the man who bows down to gods of wood and stone who is vilest in his ways, but the people who have no God at all, and live as if there were no morals or religions or even decency to be

observed by mankind! I find also that it is an experience that is universal, and strong among all decent people who travel through these lands that are called heathen. The daily press and the streets of Christian cities are shamed by the press and streets of Asiatic cities.

In this city there is a band of Salvation Army of twelve members. In the City of the Great Botanic Gardens a band of twenty, and very nice young men and women they seem to be, I am being much drawn towards these people. Think of great cities where you see no physically corrupted men or women upon the streets, no outward vices, and such streets my eyes are looking upon with great surprise and astonishment!

Mr. and Mrs. M. and myself make one division of our party, and a very pleasant little company it is. Visited a famous Buddhist Temple to-day, very limited in dimensions, distressingly crowded, was not edified, saw nothing of interest to me and was glad to get out of the round, yet to many a devoted pilgrim that was the great day of his life! Adunadhipura, a deserted ruin, is a former capital of Ceylon, sixteen miles square, many old temples are in fragmentary evidence, Buddha is magnified in stone, there are remains of baths, standing columns, single or in groups, but the jungle is slowly wiping everything out. The only live thing we saw was a monkey. Our convoy was a cart drawn by an old bullock, and the way our driver beat the poor beast was no fun at all. But the Orientals, upon their own confession, have no pity.

The air, the temperature, the breezes are absolutely perfect here to-day, such as you would revel in in America. It is gay summer-time here. How finely the white-capped billows break upon the beautiful beach before my window! I feel the winds "blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle." I am getting fairly intoxicated with my surroundings and I feel that with a pint cup I am trying to measure out this boundless ocean of beauty.

Penadeniya spells the name of one of the most celebrated Botanical Gardens in the world which we visited this morning. Suffice to say, the Creator of this world delighteth in beauty and variety inconceivable.

Very little we saw of it, of course, but we did see growing nutmegs, cinnamon, and all around, that kind of things, we use, as the pineapple, the rubber tree, one kind of which had roots in sight like squirming snakes, little and big; we saw the flower fly-catcher, with a wide, then a narrow opening, till the unwary little venturer touched the sensitive point, when he was a dead fly. We saw leaves so sensitive that they would move away at a touch as if in fear. We saw the deadly Upas tree, a very smooth, tall, upright looking fellow, but if the weary walker spread his blanket under its inviting bower, he would know no waking; then we went to a steam tea-factory, and saw how they took the green tea leaves, and made them ready for the teapot in forty minutes. It is raining here now for a wonder. When clouds get caught here upon these mountain-tops they are likely to stick

a while, and are quite a setback to sightseers. But we go out again this afternoon.

My laudation of Ceylon over Scotland needs a little qualification. The number of mountain peaks, and their height is, at least three to one, but here in this most luxuriant of climates and soils, the roads get so hemmed in and embowered that you seldom see a wide unobstructed view. For instance, we rode up these mountains yesterday, and got but a single good outlook! So what of the magnificent views, if one cannot get a look at them? Jungle tells the whole story, impenetrable veil of growth and color. And you do not know how long or short is the way. From where you are riding so securely, is the undisputed territory of beasts and reptiles, great and small the monster horror of tropical India! It is not easy to tell a man from a woman here, where all dress so much alike, and mostly in white and all do all kinds of work. The woman has silver trinkets on arms, ankles, lips, nose and hair, and that in roughest kind of work even on railroads!

I have had here my first ride with the human horse. There is no compulsion about this business, but they are eagerly offering their services at every station. The rig is a little one-seated carriage, either with or without a top and a very comfortable vehicle it is. And the men are nice, pleasant and accommodating and the pace they take, up hill and down, is a wonder. Yet, with all, this man playing horse to me was not altogether satisfactory. The place for the man was upon a seat by

my side, and four-legged beings should be between the thills.

Ceylon was first conquered by Portugal in the sixteenth century, it was taken by the Dutch in 1658, who held it about 150 years, but it came into the possession of the British in 1802.

Newera Eliya

Thanksgiving day! We Americans had ours yesterday by a mistake of our conductor, which put the laugh on him. But we had the form and the regulation fixings, roast turkey, plum pudding, etc. The spirit and the cheer were here. Our host, an Americanized-Russian, was a most interesting man, and zestful in doing his part on the occasion. Our post prandial speeches were appropriate and spirited.

Here we are after a run of almost the entire day by rail through the most charming and best cultivated region I ever traversed. We started with an exaggerated idea of the extent of the jungle, but all that our vision swept, right and left, up and down, was so cleared that not a wild animal, great or small, could be in hiding there.

This highly irrigated cultivation was practiced by the ancients, as extensive ruins indicate. In the later modern times, coffee has been the great staple, but now everything is giving way to the tea plant. The entire slope of those mountains, from bottom to the very tops, were covered by the dark green, rank, vigorous and beautiful tea plant, the rows were so straight and true, up to the very

summits, in places so steep as to make standing by human foot seem impossible, and all was so clear, and clean of ought else, and so thoroughly watered by the abundant mountain streams, altogether it was a picture of cultivation, vast, wide and high, facing downwards to the plains below, hard to match in all the Edens of man's hand!

Up here 6200 feet is a grand sanitarium, and there is another still higher up but harder to reach. This is also a land rich in many kinds of precious stones. There are over three hundred species of bird life, but in beauty and brilliancy they are surpassed somewhat by India and South America.

Travel plays havoc with our preconceived opinions. I am laying violent hands upon that sacred thing, the Missionary Hymn! After "The spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." "Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Did the good missionary poet apply that epithet to the men of that Eden "Isle"? That's the question, not a denial of human depravity but the stigma of a particular race. Since the writing of that grand old hymn beautiful Ceylon has been linked with "And only man is vile." And this theme has become so universal among tourists that in some places reference to it has been forbidden, as offensive. The hymn creates an impression that is not in evidence among the people of the island. Religion, aside, the Singalese are not vile in their public ways. Whatever may be in the background or under cover, the natives whom the

tourist sees, and with whom they have to do are a very decent, respectable and helpful people.

Monday, From Colombo to Kandy.

Tuesday, Ride about Kandy.

Wednesday, By Rail into the Mountains.

Thursday, Riding about in the Mountains.

Friday, Back by Rail to Kandy.

Saturday, Breakfast at 6, by rail to 1.30 to Anuradhapura. Ride about the ruins.

The above was written at the close of our six days' touring in mountainous Ceylon and when just about to start back to Colombo. Now a word about these impressions. They are simply impressions, how what I see appears to me, they may and they may not be a correct interpretation of the situations.

I have directions to be ready to move to-morrow afternoon (Sunday) at 2.30 P. M. for Colombo once more. One thing I know, the day will be a day of rest and also overflowing with devoutest thanksgiving to The Hand that is thus leading me along in these wonderful ways!

Ceylon is about five-sixths as large as Ireland. The west and south coasts are fringed their entire length by cocoa-nut trees which give to the island a most picturesque appearance, growing to the very water's edge. This "Utmost Indian Isle" seen from the sea wears a most beautiful appearance, the western side is of a high and broken character, rocky and barren, but most grand, and the largest ships may get close up to its shores. Adam's Peak is the most prominent elevation but

not the highest point of the island, yet towers as a monarch among these sightly heights of the beautiful island.

Colombo

Yesterday, when returning from our trip into the mountains, I must confess I was a pretty well played out man. I was in no mood for seeing the country, but was resting as best I could upon my cushioned seat, perhaps as discouraged as I could be, but when we stepped from the train my spirits were up and my head in the heavens again!

I am scanning the marks of England's hand as I pass along from day to day. For a hundred years or so she has had possession of this gem of the seas. Here is an extract of interesting import from the best of authorities. "The magnificent basin of Trincomalee, situated on the east coast of Ceylon, is perhaps unsurpassed in extent, security and beauty by any haven in the world. The Admiralty has a dockyard here, and it is the principal naval station in the Indian seas."

What a grip this master of the seas has on this world! Yet no candid reader of history will charge her with a preconceived purpose of universal empire. There is a look of Destiny, Divine Providence about it.

Madura

Wednesday evening we bade a regretful farewell to peerless Ceylon. Thursday morning we were in India traversing a very flat and plain looking country, yet interesting withal. In Madura we

had our fill indeed, for such showing of temples,—in magnitude, architectural forms sculpture and color they have no equal in our modern world! I have no vocabulary for the description of these creations of Dravidian art. These stupendous and magnificent structures do not magnify or in any way enable their gods, but they do magnify heathen genius and art. In single blocks of marble ten feet in length and in proportional dimensions, were chiseled groups of figures in wonderful combinations.

But heathen temples are not meeting-houses. They have not spacious interiors, but they are vast and high for outward manifestation. There are their gods, numberless,—and their works and ways, and their message is to the eye and not to the ear.

For the most part, they are gods before whose aspect and doings their devotees bow and tremble. The gods of the heathen, with few exceptions, are neither lovely nor loving. Out of man's mind, shaped by his hand, these gods have come, he has made them, not they him, and they are not worthy of the wealth of genius, or the treasures, or the worship so lavishly bestowed upon them.

This is a warring world and has been so through all historic time. There has also been, in a way, a war of the gods for the possession of mankind. I have contrasted some heathen ways with some of our ways not much to our credit, but when we come to the religions and the true God, there is but One worthy to be mentioned, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of Love and Salvation!

I had a great disappointment at Madras. We had gone through Madura under high pressure. It was a rush to temples and ruins, but Madras was a pause and short rest, and here I was in pleasant expectation of seeing some missionaries. But I found none, and had only a very pleasant visit to the Y. M. C. A.

Caves of Ellora

"The celebrated rock temples are distributed over the sloping face of a crescent-shaped plateau for the space of a mile and a half. These caves are the most extensive, and the temples are the finest in India; indeed they are the most stupendous architectural works ever executed by man. The oldest date, from 200 B. C. at latest, and for many centuries have been the objective point of pilgrims from every part of the country; for they are three-fold in character, and attracted Buddhists, Brahmans and Jains alike.

"The rock temples of Ellora number about thirty-five, the majority being of Brahman origin. The slope of the hill is fairly honeycombed; there cannot be fewer than forty excavations of various descriptions; chaitya caves, and Brahman temples; viharas and halls. Here a courtyard, with carved obelisk or pillard arch, affording an imposing entrance; there a wall of natural rock concealing the temples from behind. In this hall Buddha sits in solemn solitude beneath a domed roof; in that, all the gods of the Puranic Pantheon appear to be holding high revel amid the most fantastic surroundings.

"At thought of the inexhaustible labor that wrought these wonders in the solid rock, the work of the Pyramids fades into the background of commonplace. But the crowning glory of Ellora is Kailas, the marvelous Temple of Siva. Here the superabundant energy of the workmen, or the insatiable ambition of the master mind, would not be satisfied with a mere excavation, but must needs hew within the rocky mass a temple as complete as though it stood under the sky upon the hill-top. Roof and walls have been cut away and treated externally in paint and relief. This monster monolith, reaching a height of over one hundred feet, stand in a court about three hundred feet long and half as broad. A rock wall one hundred feet high, embellished with gods, of titanic proportions in high relief, masks the front of the temple. Passing through an entrance in this screen, which is thick enough to contain chambers, one is confronted by a fine sculpture of Lakshmi, the Goddess of Luck. Two enormous elephants guard the entrance. The galleried hall is covered with figures in high relief, and in the uncertain light the grotesque and contorted form of strange deities, with eyes of jade or chunam, seem instinct with repulsive life." Such is one of the greatest of wonders that we missed and how sharp is my regret therefor to-day!

The Fakirs

We all have heard much about these repulsive creatures. They are a "Moslem" product, and it

is estimated that there are two millions of them in India. Forbes Lindsay says this with much besides about these strange men. "The worst, and by no means infrequent, exhibitions of these scarcely human beings will not admit of description. To say that they transcend the bounds of decency is putting it too mildly; they surpass all conception of obscene bestiality. Nevertheless, since time immemorial, these 'poor men'—for such is the significance of the word fakir—have exercised an extraordinary influence over the minds of the whole people of India. They are exempted from the laws affecting the seclusion of women, and a princess will deem it an honor to wait upon the vilest gymnosophist. It is no uncommon thing to see a raja rise in the howdah of his state elephant and salaam to a filthy fakir by the roadside." These are the "holy men" of India, this mendicant fanatical element has the spiritual leadership of Indian religion.

There is one quality about the things that are Indian, they have such *everlastingness* under them and in them. It would seem that nothing short of a moral and spiritual earthquake can clear the ground and make way for the sowing good seed unto righteousness and eternal life.

Golconda

"Golconda" was a magic name that floated in my mind from boyhood, up, as a thrilling and far-off sounding word suggestive of a fairy land abounding in gold, jewels and all precious things.

But it remained with me without a definite habitation. The real "Golconda got a location on my trip through "Ind," but ah, me! "So near and so far!" This is a regretful afterlook up. Golconda lies upon a very rough and rocky volcanic mountain side. The natives claim that there the world was made and that the big rubbish around about is the material left over. It looks like the ruins of a city of Titans. The craggy elevation east of the city is the Golconda of the Arabian Nights. Here is the "Valley of Jewels" where precious stones lie as thick as grain upon the thrashing floor. And even down to the present time diamonds are picked up in the river-beds after rains. Tavernier says sixty thousand men were working the mountain for diamonds when he was there. Marco Polo, who visited Golconda in the latter part of the thirteenth century, relates that plenty of precious stones were found in the vicinity at that time. This ground has not been worked of late years, but is regarded as a rich field for modern methods and machinery. Here a goatherd picked up a diamond, which after he had clumsily broken off big pieces from it, remained one of the largest diamonds in the world, valued at three million dollars. And in the words of Mr. Forbes Lindsay, "These rocks gave up the world renowned Koh-i-nur, which passed, through many adventures, from the turban of the Great Mogul to the crown of the British monarch. Originally nine hundred carats in weight, truly a 'Mountain of Light,' it has been

reduced by ruthless parings to one hundred and eight carats."

Golconda has figured large in history and here is one of the Empire's great cantonments with bomb-proofs and every modern provision for defense. Never will England be caught napping again and it is safe to say that the power from within or outside will have a titanic job in hand to dislodge the Englishman, and if perchance he should conclude to go, the power surrendered would be a doubtful prize to the winner.

The transfer of India to the care of England was so plainly a matter of Divine Providence that it is worthy of special notice. The Mohammedan began as early as the tenth century to make the conversion and conquest his great and constant purpose. In India especially the mandate was submission or destruction. With the exception of Baber and his nobler son Akbar the power of Islam has written the cruelist chapters in human society. The last coruscation of glory by the decadent line of Baber and Akbar were the matchless architectural creations of Shah Jahan who made Taj Mahal the masterpiece of the world.

In 1737 Nadir Shak of Persia swept down and made the great Mogul empire a thing of the past. Meanwhile the Marathas, a purely Hindu and Brahman race most hostile to all Mohammedan invaders, had risen to great power in the Deccan, and substantially all India was massed in two great contending forces. Just then England and France

also confronted each other upon the same great field. At the first the Frank was in the lead. By their ships and army they had a strong foothold at Madras. There were three great parties on the field, the French were taking sides with the weaker native forces to be in position to reap all the advantage of victory. Upon the whole the Frank and the Saxon were about equally matched. So it was a matter of outside aid and the fortunes of war. The French leaders made urgent appeal to their King, but to no purpose, for he was without available resources and was very much discouraged at the way things had gone against him in America. Now, to comprehend the full significance of the situation, we must take a glance at the other side of the world. Portugal, Spain and the Dutch went out early to take possession of the world as it had been thrown open to sight by the great navigators of the late fifteenth and the early sixteenth centuries. But France and England both lagged behind. As nations they had grown up together like two fighting boys, now Saxon is over, fighting the Frank in his own lot, then again, the French boy is over, rubbing the English boy's ears. So it went on generation after generation. When at length England and France went out for colonies they went out together as it were. Just about the time the Englishman went to Jamestown, the Frenchman went to Quebec. The greatest king France ever had was the backer of Canada, and he was fortunate in the leaders he sent out there, and the French colonists had great tact in

getting along with the Indian and making a friend and ally of him. Individually the Frenchman was a great explorer. With his roll of sheet-lead he went westward and all up and down the Mississippi valley, nailing upon the trees the leaden card that claimed the soil for the king of France by the right of discovery.

But the time came at last, in some one hundred and fifty years or so, when one or the other of them must get out. Then came the tug of a great war between these two old-time antagonists. But after a stubborn and strong fight the hero Wolf died "happy" when he heard the cheer "they fly." The flag of the Lion and the Unicorn became the colors of the contented Frenchmen, who had made Canada. France had lost her greatest colony. But this grim resolve came to her that her old enemy should lose her greatest colony also. And she made good. For she had the ships and she had the soldiers and she sent them over to us and that was the sword thrown into the scales that made our country a nation and cost England her greatest colony also.

The Saxon and the Frank have played the game for the New World, and while the latter lost the game in one way, they quit even in another. Yet this does not tell all. France still held a vast territory in America, almost all the great Mississippi valley. Most of those states have a preponderance of French names to-day. But though France was holding it, still she could not settle it, or make any practical use of it, and at last Napoleon to

spite England, fairly flung it to us for the paltry sum of fifteen million dollars.

The Romance of Clive

Arcot was poorly fortified and easily approachable from several points. Clive with 200 sepoys and 120 British troops withstood a native army exceeding 5000 and supported by 150 Frenchmen, 320 to 5150. The siege went on for fifty days. A breach was increasing, day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Then transpired an incident worthy everlasting remembrance, never to be left out in the estimate of national characteristics. It was a time to look for discontent or something worse, especially from the non-English element, but, strange to say, the very opposite came out. Those sepoys were so inspired by the masterly qualities of their leader, an untrained soldier only twenty-six years old, that they went to him with the suggestion that the grains of the rice after cooking should be given to the English soldiers as they needed the more solid food, while the liquid part would be enough for themselves! As Macaulay says, "History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind." At last, on the great day of the Muharram, Islam's New Year, the 5000 besiegers made their utmost final assault upon the 200 sepoys and the 120 Britons. There was an hour of most desperate hand-to-hand fighting, but the half-starved garrison of Clive's devoted heroes beat off every desperate assault, and then the rem-

nant of that indomitable 300 saw the host that had stood them almost twenty to one abandon their camp and guns and break into a disorderly retreat.

It is somewhat remarkable that the odds against Clive at Plassey were just about the same as at Arcot. It was 3000 against 50,000 or more.

His great military career which changed the current of the world's history was even earlier in years than that of Alexander. But Clive was also great as a statesman.

It is interesting to note that at about the very time that Clive gave to the Anglo-Saxon empire its greatest province, Washington took from it its greatest Colony. Both of these great transfers were most personal in their agencies. England, as a power, was not the winner of India, but Clive, was the personality, a phenomenon, as a soldier and a statesman not trained to either high position but born unto both by personal endowment. Washington was Character. He ranks not superlatively as a great military genius, nor was he overshadowing upon other great lines, but in a certain great thing we call commanding, sustaining character, he is the all-commanding figure. Nobody was ever called the "Father of his Country" but himself. And so these two great contemporary characters, Washington and Clive, as we have said, cost England her most valuable colony but gave her one of the largest and richest dependencies of the world. There is a way of getting at the substance of the same things in other terms. The Anglo-Saxon World secured at the same time by these person-

alities the richest province of Asia and a new Anglo-Saxon nation in America.

Clive was loaded down with honors and titles and wealth, assured of everlasting and glorious remembrance as long as history is read, yet life was not well with this great man, and so intolerable it became, that he shot himself out of it before he was fifty years old.

Vast as the world, enormous as are its populations, yet how its courses and fortunes turn upon the lives and the works of the few!

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

MILTON.

I have dwelt upon the wonderful career of Clive, and it only remains to notice how clearly the Divine Providence manifests itself in those great movements and combinations, and so signally in making a simple untrained accountant so little beyond his boyhood—the one man of destiny among all other agencies of that great crisis in human affairs.

Almighty God himself manifestly committed India to the care of England. One great justification of that act is that India has had more than a hundred years of peace, when all before had been slaughter, robbery and oppression without end.

Across India

Most of Southern India is a plain and in winter,

if we may apply that term to such a hot country, when vegetation is not specially in evidence, the outlook is not interesting. The weather, which is usually very hot, as our conductor told us, was most delightful. But the showing of men and their gods in this lower India is something immense. As I have already said, these vast and towering temples are no meeting-houses as we might be inclined to suppose them. There are no provisions for preaching and song. The temple is a vast structure, by magnitude, carving and color, making its mighty appeal almost to sight alone. But the range, the art, the skill, the might with which this appeal is made is amazing. On the side of the artist and constructor, the scope from the finest lines of the sculptor, the most delicate touches of the painter, up to what is vastest in the heathen temple is a creation indeed!

The Aryan is the creator of the Brahman religion, and its wonderful literature, which began so long before culture appeared elsewhere, but we are told that Dravidian genius and art from a native race of India were the creators of these remarkable temples. But the man is more divine than the gods he deifies.

So far as we can read back, this has been a warring world. So also, in a way, there has been, and is now going on, a warfare of the gods for the possession of man and the world. The religions are these gods. Can there be any moral doubt as to what God it will be which will win the heart of mankind? In this great Indian world, England's

mighty hand is in evidence everywhere. Upon every signboard there stand, first of all the Anglo-Saxon lettering and below various letterings. Some of those alphabetical traceries are wonderfully artistic and beautiful, the letters of the speech of Ceylon are veritable works of art! But this signboard has broken the thread of my musing over the hand of the Englishman. He it is that is constructing vast irrigation systems to stamp out forever if possible that monster of all calamities the famine,—the flag of the Lion and the Unicorn floats over all that shut-in land, keeping peace and security everywhere in what was from time immemorial before his coming the bloodiest of slaughter-pens! Great roads, great parks, boulevards, squares, in short, all provisions for the best development of that great, rich, and, as yet, still incompleted domain. Can England be driven out of India? Yes, most easily, for the odds stand as six to one and that thousands of miles apart. Yes, when the nations, and the religions, and the sects, and the casts by thousands, between which have been deadliest enmity and hate, shall suppress and eradicate their most intense and vital characteristics, then, even then, the Briton would go without even the formality of a single battle. But the proposition refers the time to the later stages of the millennium! India is at farthest remove from any other people under the sun so there can be no parity of reasoning from any other people to her conditions.

We are a company of seven, three men, four

ladies, agreeably harmonious all around, escorted by a guide,—who knows by long familiarity over these routes, every condition of the way,—whom we cheerfully follow, as standing between us and all care. Besides we have three native servants who are servants indeed, on "call" at all times. We take the best routes, rest at the best hotels. Yet strenuous conditions will come notwithstanding. We had one of our worst, coming up from India. It was an all night's run in these little pounding, clattering cars upon hard and cramping bunks. Such a din, such a thumping, such an endless night! But we lived through it all,—even the old man himself! But after, came a rest-up, in the grandest and most comfortable hotel I ever sampled, in one of the greatest of all the great centers of Asia.

Bombay

Bombay was visited by the Portuguese in 1509 and acquired by them in 1530. It has been in English hands since 1668, now about 225 years, so we may feel quite at home here. The two principal castes at Bombay are the Parsees (descendants of the ancient Persian fire-worshippers) and the Borahs (sprung from early converts to Islamism). They constitute a fine, if not the finest class of the Orientals. Well bred, educated, rich, business men, most public spirited and benevolent.

A word more about these Persians, Parsees or Guebres. Theirs was the religion of all the Eastern world that approached nearest to Christianity.

Persia had her day as greatest world power, but she met her fate in the first fierce sweep of Islam. One part accepted the new faith, the other part fled to India and in 1849 there were 115,000 of them in this one city of Bombay. They are of our own Aryan blood, white people, tall, strong, magnificent looking men! The Borahs are Persians also, but followers of the Arabian prophet, but they have a good record in this great city of their adoption.

The Parsees never bury their dead, but they have a sacred and grand Temple of Silence, up some lofty elevation, where they reverently deposit the unrobed forms of their departed loved ones for the winged scavengers of the heavens to feast upon,—the corruptible thus being disposed of, the remains are reverently put to a sanctified resting place. Bombay is built upon a steep bluff that curves around the spacious harbor. Three wide, grand avenues rise one above the other, from which the eye, sweeping near and far, gathers in visions of grandeur—of luxuriant and beautiful tropical growths, and the mighty works and ways of man's skilful hand. It is a new Bombay that is being put into form where with ample resources and freest play, the grandest plans are being worked through. If acres for avenues, or squares, or parks or any other great public need are required, they are taken and there is no power to obstruct.

Thus set and grounded is this great eastern English city,—fortified up to date,—rendezvous, and part of that grand counterpart of England's

Dreadnoughts by which one supreme power holds, as it were, this whole world in its mighty grip!

This is an island city and was England's first capital of India. It is called the New Bombay because it is being so grandly rebuilt.

We made but one excursion to the mainland. We could have tarried in this beautiful and richly historic city a much longer time. The excursion alluded to was to the Caves of Elephanta.

Across the water from Bombay, whither we went in a small steam launch, there is a most remarkable temple. It is located upon a little slope that leads up from the water's edge, and outwardly is but a huge rock, but is chiseled out into all the spaces and forms that constitute a complete heathen temple, gods, animals, symbols, in short, not built, but hollowed out, inside created, outwardly without form! Given a rock and a chisel and these cunning handed Hindu will make anything!

I got a vivid idea of the difference between summer and winter in India. When we were in this place there was not a thing to be seen. Another tourist, in summer time, noticed the pathway of which I have spoken, as lined on both sides by serpents of various sizes that had been killed that morning. One somewhat startling incident of that morning trip was a slight explosion upon our steamer which was an admonition of the chances that beset the tourist on all his ways. But this was the only suggestion of personal peril that I experienced on all my fifteen months around the

world. From this time on there will be increasing speed and more and more comparative safety.

A famine cycle began in 1866, when the coast province of Orissa lost one quarter of its population,—simply bad roads and a harborless shoreline isolated it from its neighbor provinces. Two years later the upper Ganges valley was in like plight; Lower Bengal suffered in 1874, and in 1877 the whole Peninsula was stricken by a drought that later on spread into northern India also. Eleven millions of money and more than five millions of deaths were the cost of this great disaster, and the government set itself to devise schemes whereby no such wholesale ruin should again be possible. Taking India, through and through, year with year; there was plenty of land for the population, there was plenty of water for the land; the problem was one of distribution mainly.

"There are," it was said in 1897, "fifty millions of cultivators suffering from want of land and a hundred millions of acres waiting for cultivators." Thus famine came; and when they came they were ruinous beyond the ordinary, because there were no reserves, no staying power in the villager, no accumulated store of food in the store-pits. Railways and good roads, therefore, were the first preventives to be taken in hand systematically; and by them, when after 20 years, drought again, was upon the North-west Provinces in 1897, the surplus products of the Deccan found transit through the forests and mountains of Central India and fed millions of starving people in the North. Irriga-

tion, too, which Dalhousie first systematized in the Punjab, was spread gradually over most of the badly watered districts, even where it necessitated such bold enterprise as the tunnelling of the main range above Travancore that diverted the excess waters of the Periyar on to the dryer plains of Madura.

To distribute the population more evenly is a harder task; but migration is already encouraged from congested districts to the emptier valleys of Assam, coolies from Madras depart under indenture to cultivate the sugar plantations of Natal and Guiana and the development of East and Central Africa protectorates are likely to depend upon Hindu labor.

There is a large and wealthy foreign element here, both Indian and European, and the city is one of great and grand hotels. The Taj Mahal, perhaps the most regal of them all, is where this poor minister is now putting up! It is five or six stories high and built four square around a spacious court. It is a fine sight to look down into that court of an evening for the life and color. Moreover the hotel is located on the bay side, so there is a water view of every craft that rows, steams, or sails!

Jaipur Rajputana

We left Bombay Dec. 12, and came here via Ahmedabad. It was a long hard ride hither, but the weather was cool and bracing, and we came in about midnight in very fresh condition, and I got

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a good sleep. Our conductor says he never knew such weather in India, and we hope and pray that it may hold till we get clear of the torrid belt.

This is and always has been a native city.

Independent as our states are independent, but subordinate to the national government, so this city or province has her own way, provided she does not make trouble for England. This city is walled like all Eastern cities, and was all built at one time, after a particular plan just as you build a house, not as we build our cities, year after year, without any method. So it is a beautiful and interesting place. We see the natives on their own heather. It is not much different from other cities in India, so great is England's all-pervading hand in this vast empire!

I am on the home stretch now, so every day's march, longitudinally, is a day's march nearer home.

What is this kindliness of all life that so impresses us here in India? Is it universal faith in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls? Or is it the mutual good-will of human and animal nature? There is this wide range of peace and good-will upon all these public ways here that you do not see in the great thoroughfares of Christendom. Cows go fearlessly about in all, even the most busy, noisy, and crowded streets. Anger, dislike, violence and rudeness I have not got a glimpse of anywhere. I do not say that there are not great abominations hereabouts, but so far as my limited observation and experience have gone they are not

aired upon the great thoroughfares. It is "good form" in the Orient to have one's best face always in evidence. It is appropriate here to note the remark so often made respecting these people, that you can never be sure what is in their hearts. But, on the other hand, we "barbarians" may be almost brutal in our outspoken truthfulness and sincerity. Is civilization any other than being civil in all the intercourse of outward daily life?

A paved space outside the side-walk, upon it a heap of grain, buyers and sellers down upon their knees in trade. The seller has a balance of two equal arms weighing, say ten pounds. He weighs one half, then shifts the weight into the opposite scale, a demonstration of just weight the balance correcting itself. The selling is to all, small and large, quarts and bushels, the poor woman and the nabob. One poor woman had trouble over an offered piece of silver which the dealer took and carefully examined and kindly handed back to her. The woman then poured out all her change upon the pavement, counted it very carefully, then took the rejected coin, and went away leaving all the rest of her money right there in plain sight and reach of all, no one seemed to notice it or offered to touch it. After a while the dealer noticed the situation and put one of his bags of grain upon it for a guard. Meanwhile the woman returned and finished her business and went her way. After that there was occasion to screen some of the scattered grain in a small way, and a little handful of chaff and straw was thus accumulated so that a

little black goat tied near by got a feed. Then there came along a nice looking and neatly dressed young woman with silver trinkets in her ears, and hair which was very neatly done up. She got down upon the outer circle of this business group and picked up, one by one every scattered grain, in all not more than fifty. These she deposited in a little bag at her belt which was already partially filled. In all this humble work the woman was cheerful and self-respecting, even lady-like! So in this great and populous land even the least things are saved. The droppings of animals on the streets are carefully looked after, and that is counted as woman's work!

These rather minute observations were made one day to pass away time, as I was sitting in a carriage, waiting for my shopping friends. To myself it amounted to an interesting and informing picture of real life.

In a School of Art, founded by a native ruler, I saw quite a different thing. There boys are trained in metal work, and the skill and the perfection of the work of these little fellows was wonderful, but like most boys at a school, they seemed bored even by their practical skill.

I saw a man with a photograph before him, which he was hammering into brass in a way wonderful to behold! Now where should people go for the most exquisite workmanship but where the genius and the practice of an art is a matter of generation after generation as nowhere else except in this great East. Trades are castes, and no man

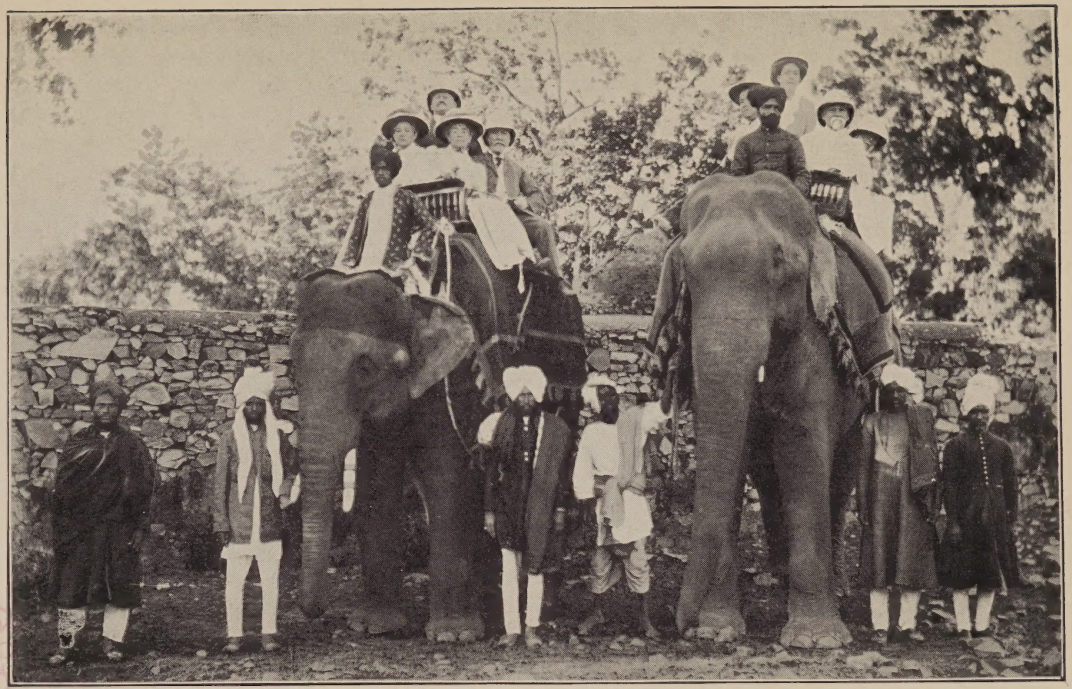
breaks out of them. So wealth may gather its choicest spoils from shops like these.

You in America are in the depths of winter, bleak and stormy, but we are having the most enjoyable weather imaginable. This is a strange old-time city, and odd sights meet us everywhere. And startling things come sometimes. One gave me a shock and got the laugh upon me the other day. I was in a carriage waiting for the shoppers, when I caught sight of a very pretty little woman coming smilingly towards me with a well-developed boy baby in her arms. She was putting on all her blandishments for a good tip. I sat cold and stoical against all that kind of a thing. But nothing daunted, the little mother came smiling on and that naked baby was plumped right into my lap!

I shouted in horror, "Take him off, take him off"! Meanwhile the little fellow was smiling up to me as if in full sympathy with his audacious, rollicking mother! But somehow I was delivered out of my terrible plight and my repentance came. What a monster I was! The vision of that mother and her baby is one of the most beautiful pictures I brought back from India.

A great day this! Have seen the elephant and ridden him! It was but a rub and go that I got it. For the night before I came in from a late drive with a severe chill, and went to bed without my supper. But I was all right in the morning. How intelligent and docile is the huge elephant! At a word he knelt down his ungainly body, and lay as still as a log, while with ladders we climbed up to

long seats on his back, one on each side. There were eight of us, a good balance, four on each side. At a word the great fellow got on his feet, while we trembling held to our seats. Then we started on our way, three or four miles long. It seemed so far in that condition! To steady myself, keep my head, and pass the time, I counted those measured and ponderous steps, and the trick carried me through 3300 paces. That was the distance to that deserted city. We had an inside view of an old oriental palace. Murray calls it ruined and deserted since 1728, but as we saw it, it seemed as if just finished to date! It is of the finest marble and alabaster, and of a finish and color that never decays or fades out. And more wonderful still, all is spotlessly clean! And so far as I could see it was just as ready for occupancy as it was when it was deserted nearly two hundred years ago! They have palaces "to burn" out here only they cannot be burnt! We looked out through exquisite alabaster lattice work, through which beautiful women got their only part of the outside world ages ago! The royal palace was there, with all its multitudinous baths and apartments and fashionings and adornments save only the jewels and precious stones with which all was ablaze in the old days, that glory has not escaped the hand of the spoiler. How still, strong, and undecaying these massive walls have endured, while the royalties of generations and generations, successive waves of human passions, have surged through their halls! Could they speak it, what a story they could un-



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RIDING THE ELEPHANT.

fold! Of the noble and the beautiful, of the true and the good, they could tell; but what heart could bear the hearing of all the crimes, the woes and the sufferings these smooth white faces have witnessed! But to come back down to the real facts of the day, they were strenuous enough. Those 7000 time beats of the elephantine foot was no "joy forever" I was glad for the day, and I was as glad when the job was finished! And I was so rejoiced that I secured the trip with my company, and they all rejoiced with me, and said that I did it splendidly. So was it not a great day for the old man!

Agra

A great, great day! Had my first automobile ride to-day, here in the heart of Asia. It was in all, coming and going, forty-five miles, done in two hours on a road as good as any in America, and nearly as straight as an arrow. This is indeed the very poetry of riding. Our chauffeur was a native East Indian, who evidently knew how to drive, but we came within an ace of running down a child, who darted almost under the wheels, as we were passing through the gateway of a high wall. I have seen animals frightened here for the first time, they stand anything without a wink but an automobile.

On the way we saw hundreds of people, full half of them women, carrying loads, and such loads, of everything that grows, or that is merchandise, all upon their heads. Some of these loads are many times more bulky than themselves, straw, hay, stalks, manure which is carefully gathered and dried

in flat round cakes eight or ten inches in diameter and two or three inches thick, this is carried in great quantities everywhere.

Akbar

Akbar was the great name of the East in Elizabeth's day. It is a remarkable fact that he and his immediate descendants have made this vicinity most gloriously monumental. Of them came Agra and Taj Mahal. Akbar, after conquering all before him, including the great city of Delhi, where we were this morning, was led hither by a holy man. On this magnificent site he built a city seven miles in circumference, filled it with stately public structures, and his royal palaces, including one for each of his four wives. When his capital city was thus founded, he discovered that the water was bad and the locality unhealthy, and abandoned it all he came here and built up his great Agra. Now it was to see Akbar's deserted city that we went this morning. These royal buildings are to-day as fresh and untarnished as if they had just been finished. It would be but light work to make these more than three hundred year old palaces ready for occupancy.

This is indeed sight-seeing in THE LARGE!

Taj Mahal

Let us try and say something about this wonder of the world, and let us begin at the comprehensible end of it, the real creator of it. He is known and can be set out by letters though no tongue or pen

can give a transcript of the transcendent creation of his genius. When Bishop Heber put his admiration into the phrase, "These Pagans built like giants and finished their work like jewellers," he stated a fact with great poetic expressiveness, but as applied to this particular structure not completely applicable, for the real creator of Taj Mahal was a Frenchman. For although Shah Jahan kept 20,000 men employed upon it for 22 years, and lavished 60,000,000 dollars upon this most beautiful of all buildings, it yet could not have been what it is, but for the genius of Austin de Bordeaux, who designed and superintended a work, as to which no man for more than 250 years has risked his reputation by denying that it is the most beautiful architectural conception of the human brain. It is the supreme monument of a man to a woman, of a husband to a wife. And that was in a heathen land, and by a Mohammedan and a Mogul, none of which kind of people have, like the Christian world, ever allowed even equality to woman! This exotic was also a product of a most cruel and bloody soil. While Akbar was one of the world's greatest and best despots Shah Jahan, his grandson, whose name signifies "king of the world," killed his brothers and was suspected of having poisoned his father Akbar. Shah Jahan was himself dethroned, imprisoned and probably murdered by his son.

Nevertheless of him might be said literally what was figuratively said of Augustus, "he found cities of brick and left them of marble." Beside the Taj

Mahal, Shah Jahan built the Moti Masjid, the "Pearl Mosque" erected in 1655, a building of surpassing beauty, regarded as without a superior of its class, likened to a pearl on account of the beauty and extent of its marble work. The Angari Bagh, the "Grape Garden," holds the Shish Mahal, "Mirror Palace," and the Kaas Mahal, "Private Palace." Here Shah Jahan died in sight of his beloved Taj. Without the Delhi Gates stands the Jama Masjid, erected by Shah Jahan, in honor of his daughter Jahanara, who shared the captivity of his last years. A flower indeed on a bed of snow! I saw the memorial of this devoted daughter but such as she in those cruel days need no monuments to keep their names in everlasting loving remembrance.

There is a Persian inscription upon an alabaster slab at Delhi which is translated thus: "If there be a paradise on the face of the earth this is it, this is it, this is it!" Austin de Bordeaux, the real creator of these great master-pieces was honored by his master with the title Zurrier Dust, the Jewel-handed. He designed the palaces of Delhi and Agra, as well as the other less important buildings. All these splendid buildings were however but the beginning of monumental structures already in view when the death of the great architect at Cochin, where he had gone on a mission for his master, is supposed to have rendered the completion of his magnificent plans impossible. I attempt no comment upon Taj Mahal. Whole libraries, the utmost of poetry and prose have been lavished upon

these creations that defy all representation by word or pen.

Lucknow

This is written after a night ride in the cars which is by no means a bed of roses in this Eastern world and also after a day of high-strung enjoyment.

It was '57, the year of the first great Republican campaign under the tocsin, "Fremont and Freedom," the very year of the failure of the first Atlantic Cable, and the last great general Revival in America, that the Great Mutiny in India shocked the world and so aroused and held in a long and intense strain the sympathy of mankind by its awful atrocities.

The locality of its most fiendish butchering was in Cawnpur and the region around about, and that locality has also the most wonderfully famous structures in the world. So by one way and another the associations of that little patch of northern India became household things with us. Taj Mahal was one of our stock wonders.

But I have no heart to rehearse the awful tragedies of this mutiny, nor to dwell in detail upon like horrors, but I may venture to say that for deeds of cruelty and blood it is hard to equal the record of India. A cultured Hindu once said to an Englishman, "The difference between your people and us, is not that you are smarter than we are, but that you have pity, while we have none."

The prompt and heroic suppression of that sudden and widespread uprising was one of the grand-

est feats of British arms and a demonstration of the grip England has upon that vast and populous realm.

The mutiny did not come too soon, nor too late, for a thorough and a total revolution as to the administration of Indian affairs. The Old East India Company had well nigh met its fate, and it was high time for the National Administration to give its best work and its ablest men to the holding of that richest and most extensive province of the Empire. Proportion demanded that India should have part in the Imperial Crown and Name, and that there should be an English Army and an English Administration, adequate to all need and emergencies. The stride from the East India counting-room to the Cantonments, fortresses, navies, and the great Boards of Administrations by which vast movements are being carried forward as they are noted even by the flying tourist, all of this and more, mark the progress of Imperial India since the awful peril and woe of the great Mutiny more than fifty years ago. A thoughtful study of what India herself was, in the long past, and what she is to-day, makes one feel that the coming in of her strong Aryan brother was a great deliverance and blessing. England has been wicked, has done wicked things like all other nations and she is doing some of them down to this very day (opium-China!!!). But never did India have any peace in all her cruel and bloody days so long drawn out as that 75 years, less or more, that the Old East India Company gave her. The last half century

India has had almost perfect peace! The calamity of England's withdrawal, by any cause, would not be upon herself, but upon that pent up India, again given over to those deadly antagonisms, racial, religious and fratricidal that are imbedded in her very make-up, more cruel and insatiable than in the wild beasts of her jungles.

England in India—then and now

The Indian army in 1806 was 24,000, six Englishmen to one native. In 1856 it contained 39,000, English who were outnumbered by native troops eight to one, although the guns were almost equally divided. In 1898 the English troops numbered 76,000 with 88 batteries, the native troops 143,000 with only 10 batteries. In all fortresses and the great cantonments none but English are on guard. Besides all other precautions.

The coast line has the guard of the strongest fleet that floats, and almost the entire northern border line has the impassable wall of the Himalayas. The narrow gap of the northwestern passes are occupied by the Sikhs and Gurkhas, the truest, strongest and long tried friends of England as well as the mightiest and bravest fighters of all India. So British India holds, and guards within, and on all the coast and border against attack from within and without all that may rise against her. But to go through India and have nothing to say about the "Great Mutiny" in a special way is against nature.

How historic matters get tied together! I have

just come across an interesting case of this kind, uniting Nova Scotia and India. One clause in the treaty between the English and French was the Assiente contract, by which the British were to have the monopoly of the slave trade, the proceeds of which were to go to the support of the East India Company. The mutiny added 35,000,000 pounds to the national debt of England.

India never had a national government till it came under English rule. Up to that time it was simply a geographical expression. But the ocean and the everlasting mountains have kept and will keep this land by itself. The history of that ill fated territory, so rich and populous through all past ages, is as the defenseless and helpless victim of national and most remorseless spoilation. With the coming of the East India Company some regard, at least, has been had to the interest of the people themselves. For the last fifty years, under the direct control of the empire many noble administrators have distinguished themselves and done honor to the English name by their kind, wise and vast undertakings to bring the great resources of that rich realm to the uplifting and blessing of the so densely populated India.

The "Great Mutiny" was the explosion of a mighty combination of desperate and revengeful passions, both racial and religious intensified by certain facts, and mistaken expectations of a most inflammatory kind! All the states and all the religions united for the moment against England, the common enemy.

They had heard of her bad luck in the Crimean war, and were made to hope and believe that she was weakening, and that was a hopeful time to strike a stealthy and sudden blow. Its immediate cause was the introduction into the Sepoy army of a new rifle whose use required the touching of grease on the cartridges, thus offending the religious prejudices of the soldiers.

There was a kind of prophecy on the popular mind that the British were to be driven out after a hundred years, and it was nearing a century, from Plassey. Of course, all the Anglo-fobia of the world was putting in all kinds of imflammatory fuel. Now add one more condition to the situation, of the 359,000 men in the army of India at that time there were more than eight native soldiers to one Englishman, and of 524 guns, the natives had 247, and the 300,000,000 people of the land were in the revolt, with the sole exception of two loyal tribes. How would such a huge and monstrous conspiracy fail to succeed?

So well could this vast population keep its own secrets, that English India was reposing in profound security! Citizen, tourist, women, children, all! The mutiny began at Meerut May 10, 1857, the centers of activity being Delhi, Cawnpore and Lucknow. The last resistance was finally overcome in 1858 and the last Mogul banished.

It was Sunday. Some of our company were getting ready to take a carriage ride about the city, and I got aboard with the purpose to desert at the first sign of missionaries. After a half mile or so

I caught sight of a Methodist Church to my very great satisfaction and gladly bid my company good-bye. I made my way into the grounds, and was very fortunate in finding my way to a room where there were three of the nicest kind of folk, say between thirty and forty years old, a youngish, unmarried minister (missionary minister) also the head manager of the largest Methodist Publishing House in India, located here, one of the most genial of men, and his delightful young wife. It was a find indeed. Upon this group I broke boldly in without any introduction or ceremony whatever, and they all extended to me a commensurately cordial welcome. So here was my chance to get at the very heart of this missionary business that I had been wanting for so long. I put to them every question that occurred to me about this great business. Their answers were most illuminating, satisfactory and inspiring. That mission of the Methodist Church is a very strong one, including two churches, one English speaking, a large one judging from the evening service which I attended, and a large native church complete in language, minister, people and custom, this last word means that the congregation sits upon the pewless floor! Then besides is the work of the publishing house which in its great work has hundreds of natives. Those native churches are served with all the literature of our church and Sabbath school in their own tongue. The books, journals, and the lesson papers are a sight to behold for our eyes, but it takes more learning that we have to read them. The manager of

the business end of this great mission was a masterful man, and doing as purely a great missionary work as that of the greatest preaching missionary. He was a most genial and delightful soul, and he gave me his helpful companionship.

These Missionary Establishments in heathen lands are large in their proportions, various in their departments and most solid and enduring in their construction. Only one kind of timber can stand the gnawing teeth that everywhere abound, and that is sandal wood which is too costly but for the most limited uses. They tell of houses left vacant for a short time, the doors of which were all eaten out save the coating of paint and which fall at a touch. So costly buildings are a necessity, but they are also long lasting and have little call for repairs. The native church here is a large and commodious structure, and in all but the hottest weather is filled with a native congregation and ministered to by a native pastor. Do not such showings, and there are a great many of them, show that missions are something of a success?

After this my kindly thoughtful guide took me to a quiet and comfortable room to rest for the evening service. And to it I went and to the eye, it was as natural and delightful as if in familiar old Boston, but to the dull ear alas! Yet, nevertheless, my good brother, the favorite minister of a goodly congregation, is one of the beautiful pictures in memory's gallery! After this came the most unlooked-for climax of this most memorable day in mid-Asia! It was after church when my

kind business brother came to take me back to my hotel. He was a native Virginian, but in spirit he was Yankee or I was Southerner, or we were both, for never did talk flow on and on all of itself, from one thing to another, as we were nearing my hotel. Then we shook hands as to a final parting, then talked on, then another hand shake, this must have had at least four or five rounds, it was so hard to get apart. We went to heaven together in anticipation! Such was the meeting that came and went in less than five hours! It was a beatific snap upon the films of memory, there to be, until memory itself fades out!

Nowhere in the world are there so many things that challenge belief as this massing of centuries and peoples that we call India. One of the most dreadful and terrible of these mysteries of mysteries is the practical faith which this solid mass of human kind has in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls so that though they are slaughtered, they and their children, year after year by tens of thousands by the beasts and reptiles of their jungles, yet never will they crush the smallest insect pest however small! That is a faith unto death, indeed, but such a faith! The books tell us transmigration of souls from one body to another, through the death of the former and the birth of the latter, forms an important element of Buddhist ethics and was also taught in ancient Egypt; but it never took root in Greek mythology, in spite of Pythagoras and Plato; or in Judaism, though it is found in the Cabala; nor in Christianity, though

Jerome relates that it was taught by some obscure sects, and reminiscences of it are found, not only among the Fathers but also in the Middle Ages. It is the most practical and universal faith of all India. And it is charged to the Buddhists whose ethical code measures up so well with the Ten Commandments. But this peculiar belief has a grip upon the heart of India that nothing can shake, and that in the midst of a mass of noxious and ferocious animal life nowhere else found, there the hardest place of all to keep such a life-risking faith.

I will never be able to write myself out of this wonderfully, beautiful, and terribly fascinating India! The remarkable immensity, and the intensity of its appeal to all that is human in one's soul is ceaseless and irresistible! What an animal-habitat its skies and jungles are! Five hundred and more different kinds of animals, seventeen hundred varieties of birds and upwards of five hundred kinds of reptiles! What a land of living beauties and terrors! Monkeys as much in evidence everywhere as sparrows in America. All the fruits and flowers of Paradise. With almost every tree that waves its leafy banner in the skies, India has one other alone, the great self-propagating banyan, that in time could forest a continent with one tree. One of these growing canopies is said to have sheltered an army of seven thousand men years ago and has spread and is spreading still. Torrid as all India is, it is in easy reach at any time of any temperature one may choose, upon the magnificent slopes of towering Himalaya. Then, if you have

the least smattering of the history of the world you live in you cannot make an hour's move anywhere but you come upon grounds or monuments that thrill you through and through with great names and events of other, near or most far off, days.

Where but on the other side of the "roof of the World" is there a soil trodden by such myriads of human footsteps, and where men, women, and children of so many generations have drunk together from the sweetest to the bitterest things of life under the sun! Here you see the Juggernaut, a household word in all christendom, his car a small pattern of a railroad baggage car, is in evidence on holy days, drawn and surrounded by vast multitudes of devoted worshippers. England has forbidden in the name of humanity, the human sacrifice, yet the temple of that hideous and cruel god is one of the most beautiful and costly edifices in the world.

The suttee, the burning of widows, has been long forbidden. The Thugs also, are a horror of the past; these people practiced strangulation as a calling, a caste and a religion. It was a part of their religion not to die by the hand of an executioner, but when condemned to death the Thug went up the gallows, adjusted the rope and hung himself. The present religion of the Hindus is an adaptation of the Old Vedic theology, the Buddhist philosophy and the Argan ritual. In that way we have the doctrines of the Vedas as to the gods, the philosophy of Buddha, the transmigration of souls,—and

the forms of Hindu worship. Now let us face up these elements together.

We have here a people who will not lift up a hand of forceful defense against a reptile that poisons, a tiger that would rend and devour, or the python that would crush in his horrible coil every bone in his body. Yet this same man will immolate his own flesh and blood, and if the mother that bare him loses heart upon the horrible funeral pile he will be the first to thrust her back again to her awful death. The Thug, a creature that will never even strike at a pestering fly, finds his religion and his supremest joy in strangling men, women and children that never thought or did him harm. It is this religion that has made this triangle shaped land, penned in so by waters and mountains, a very hell upon earth as to common humanity! And yet again, this same man has come to be called the "Mild Hindu!" But running through that bloody and terrible history have been woven golden threads of love and heroic devotion never surpassed.

Another mystery of this land of mysteries is the Yogis. Their manifestations are not to be confused with the traveling jugglers and their tricks, which are, however, generally more clever and striking than the exhibitions of Western "magicians." Every one has heard of the miracle of the mango tree, and that of the rope held suspended in air from nothing, whilst a man slides down it from nowhere. These and similarly startling phenomena are thoroughly authenticated, and have defied the investigation of the shrewdest observers. Thou-

sands have testified to seeing these miracles, and if we deny that such things can be, we must look for the explanation of the mystery in some form of hypnotism.

The yadu-wallahs, or ordinary jugglers, apply the term nazarbund, that is, "closing the sight" (of the spectator) to a certain class of feats which demand extraordinary deception. To take a very common case in illustration. A person is requested to hold fast in his closed hand a coin, say an English half-crown piece; after a brief interval he is asked to open his hand, when the coin is found to have been changed to an American dollar. Not only the person holding the coin, but the spectators also will receive the impression that such is the case. In the same way the coin will be carried through a series of transformations back to its original form. In the meanwhile the yadu-wallah will not approach within ten feet of the subject of the experiment. This is one of the most simple and common of the tricks professedly performed by means of nazarbund.

If there are snakes about the compound the snake charmer is called in and by his magic music they are enticed forth and caught.

Himalaya

The far and away Monarch of the mountains of the Globe, his crown the blazing effulgence of everlasting snow—the Majesty of whose Court is the crystal frost, wide and deep, that nor flesh nor leaf can approach and live. Nowhere on earth did

Mountain spread himself so far around about, nor lift such a vast and multiform bulk so high. Himalaya is the peak of all peaks, the range of all ranges, it is an Empire of Mountains, nearly 2,000 miles long and hundreds of miles wide. And yet there is not a single smoker in all that forest of mountain tops! What a magnificent exemplar for cantankerous Vesuvius.

All other mountains high or low, long or short, are local possessions, but Himalaya belongs to the race, for from its wide reaching foothills came the fathers and mothers of all our tribes and nations. He that has trodden old Himalaya has gotten a look of humanity's superlative Homestead!! But Himalaya is a fountain of life in another magnificent way. It is the terristrial Providence of great Asia.

Himalaya-putra are the great irrigators of the very garden plot of most fertile Asia, about 1,000,000 square miles. The length of these rivers of life, altogether is more than 18,000 miles. Himalaya is also an ideal sanitarium, sufficient for all possible need of all India, for all time to come, an incalculable boon for that torrid heat.

And will the time ever come when the wonder-working modern man shall enable mortal vision to look upon those numberless torrents that roll, plunge thunder, and hiss along those steep ragged, abysmal mountain sides, of such stretch and scope as in a way put all Niagaras to veriest shame! That things most wonderful, on lines, limitless, practical, beautiful, of so many kinds and ways, of

things on the ground, and under ground and all along those titanic heights, that shall make Himalaya, in superlative sense, the Ultima Thule of the sightseeing world.

Not only is this great elevation remarkable for its freedom from any signs of volcanic action, but also from any other great disrupting agencies. One theory is that this upward prominence was an original formation and as the contraction of the earth's crust went on there was a quiet uplifting going on. If that be so our biggest mountain pile is still growing up quietly like the old monarchs of primeval forests.

Darjeling is 7,000 feet up from sea level so I was nearly one quarter of the way up to the top of the pinnacle!

In the Holy Books of the Hindu it is written, "He that thinks on Himachal, though he should not behold him, is greater than he who performs all the worship at Kashi (Benares). In a hundred years of the gods I could not tell of the glories of Himachal."

From the Top of the World

Though in torrid India it was midwinter, here upon great Himalaya, and with two grate fires in my double room I was hardly comfortably warm for the five days we spent upon that notable mountain side. So we were quite ready to start down to a more genial temperature. A grateful thrill of satisfaction possessed me that I had really seen the top of the world. Every glance was of things

greatly strange! Men and women I saw, noble and beautiful to look upon, though so far off from our ways and kind. They were as of ourselves but of two and three thousand years ago. Into our little cages of cars we had to crowd ourselves, with hardly room to move or turn, and so we zigzagged our way down to a freer and easier roadway. But I began to feel that I had something to reckon with for what I had been doing.

There was a break before us where there was quite a little walking to do. Could I transport myself? If not, what? That was the fearsome question that oppressed my soul. The crisis came, and oh, what a relief it was that I could walk! But it was a long and weary way to Calcutta. However I made good.

Calcutta

One thing that everybody sees in Calcutta is the "Black-Hole." One hundred and fifty-five years ago all the Europeans in the city, who could not make their escape, 146 in number, were thrust into a guard-room scarcely 20 feet square, where in suffocation, on a hot summer night all but 23 miserably perished. For more than 125 years since, the Great Empire has held all India in her hand. It was quite a relief in my rather disabled condition to hear our conductor say there was not much to see in Calcutta. I had one good carriage ride about the famous city, but I missed seeing, near by, the largest banyan tree in the world. Calcutta is the largest city of India, with 840,000 population,

Bombay second, with 805,000. From Calcutta we went by steamer down the Bay of Bengal, then up the Irrawaddy to Rangoon.

Rangoon

Of all the cities I saw in the East, Rangoon was the only place that brought to me the suggestion of an American town. There were none of the flat, sandy and monotonous stretches of landscape, but an easy rolling surface with abundance of water glinting from river, pond and lake that constituted an ever-changing variety of view. Then upon the streets and avenues and parks everything was English. A beautiful picture in memory is old Rangoon. And this though in it was one of my most serious holdups in all my way around the world. From the great Mountain down hither, a heavy cold and racking cough was upon me. Those two nights on the great Bengal waters are memorable for fear and for hope, shadow and gloom were upon the first, the smiling angel of hope was with me the second, and gave me an assurance that kept me strong till I saw home once more, laden with great spoil.

On landing, we took carriage and had a treat indeed in that beautiful old city, that has been English ground since the second Burmese war in 1852. In 1890 the city had 182,000 population. I thought in our ride I had seen a Missionary Hospital. The next morning it was evident to all of us that I must go there, while my good company went on down to strangely inviting Java and Siam.

So in hot haste, for time pressed, our Captain rushed out and got me safely into good care, and bade me good-bye with the warmest sympathy and blessing of my fellow tourists. And happy was I that in my plight I had such a goodly refuge!

Yes, stranded and in a hospital! It was my first experience of that kind. Everything unwonted and everybody far and round about strangers, and on the sick list! And in no missionary covert withal, but a great government hospital, one of the best appointed institutions in the world. Yet I was in no way cast down but on the whole inclined to be jolly!!

Good doctors well dressed, and agreeable nurses, and companionable patients about. But the atmosphere was hot and humid. I saw a fine looking Scotchman one morning out talking cheerfully with fellow patients, then in an hour or so a gathering of attendants at his door, and within another hour he was carried away!

In about ten or twelve days, though I was far from well, it was counted best that I should get up to a cooler atmosphere. That hot afternoon, in the tedious time I had getting aboard steamer, it did seem as if I should sink down every moment! But I was well aboard at last.

Then going for a cooler air, it was a puzzle to me that we were heading, day after day down towards the equator, and when we reached Singapore we were just a little more than one degree from being directly under the great fire! This, while Rangoon is 15 degrees farther north, and Hong

Kong whither we soon went is only seven degrees higher up than Rangoon, seemed really cold. It is old General Humidity that is the trouble with Rangoon.

But I must go back a little in my story. There were two young men in Rangoon who were a wonder to me for their frequent calls. They were no great talkers, but they gave themselves very industriously to the smoking of cigarettes, while I was attending to my lunches. One of them represented himself as head steward at the hotel where our party put up in that city, and his bringing flowers and a note of condolence from our rich tourist companion was rather confirmatory of his claim. His good offices culminated in his giving me a ride through that beautiful city, though I had already taken it with our company. But the rather amusing outcome of this matter was that when bills were being paid on my departure, this friend of mine very naïvely informed me that the carriage bill was still due as he supposed that I would not care to have him pay out money for me! This young friend had posed as a rich nabob doing honor to his American friend, as he was at no pains to comment upon the special beauties of the situation, but sat smoking like a volcano all the way! But that was getting off easy as relating to my other officious friend. Not a word was said to me by the hospital authorities as to the man they sent to be my caretaker on my way, but my final conclusion has been that from the interest shown me by this young fellow, they very naturally

assumed that he was a trusted friend of mine, and they were thus doing me a favor, and putting me into good keeping. But that mischance and the long trying complications, and the yet unsolved mysteries of the affair is the one black stain among most delightful memories of my way around the world. And yet at the same time, this very mishap was the occasion and counterpart of the most valued memories of the selfsame journeyings. The story will reveal its double-sidedness.

This man was a designing rascal from the start to the finish. He was a shirk, a tippler, and a robber and got away, by some sleight of hand, with four $25 checks besides bulldozing me for extra, trumped up charges, that my good missionary friend, of whom I shall speak later on, advised me to give him, to get rid of such a brazen scamp. This was before I had discovered his robbery of my checks. Besides he was such a sleeper that neither any call nor shaking that I could give him could wake him up. Twice in much need in the night I tried my best to get his help in vain. At this time of desperate need a company of angels was round about me. One of them was a young Methodist missionary from Bangalore on his way home for a vacation jubilee. He knew the ways of the east and was a most kind and efficient friend all my way onward as far as Hong Kong, and was made no poorer for his needed and most delightful services. The other angels were a bevy of my country women who could not have served me better if I had been their grandfather.

Their eyes had been upon my precious rascal, and all his ways. I was served with the best of nourishment both from their own private stores, or through their orders to the steward, and they kept watch over my stateroom by night, as well as by day, so that no emergency should find me without succor. There were times then, when the watched and the watchers were thinking the end might be near, but I knew the story would be told, fully, tenderly and comfortingly. So in spite of all that so wrongly went, there were blessed and heavenly things those days, on the great eastern waters. Fast upon the darkest nights rise the brightest mornings of life.

I have many times written, and friends have written to the hospital about the above matters, but I have received no word of explanation. My opinion is that the Hospital regard the matter a troublesome one, hard to clear up on their side, and that for them, at least, "The least said soonest mended." But as matters stand I am pretty confident they will be a little more careful as to the men they send to take care of departing patients.

CHINA

CHINA

UP and down these great flourishing cities of the Straits Settlements, as they are called, there are suggestions of the most damning and shameful work of the great Empire in the long course of its conquering career. History will sternly declare the awful story of the great opium war to the generations to come, and if national calamities befall, Englishmen may well shudder at the crime and curse visited upon great but helpless China.

A cursory review of the relations of the Western powers towards China since the middle of the nineteenth century, shows that for the most part they have been wicked, most unjustifiable and brutal. England stands out as far the greatest offender, but France, Russia and Germany were willing abettors and sharers of high-handed extortions practiced upon a great but helpless people. Nor are our skirts clean as to atrocious treatments of peaceful, industrious and helpless Chinese citizens. But it is immensely comforting and auspicious to see that the situation in all its world-wide bearings is vastly improving. Old scores are being written over by more kindly developments. We as Americans are most gratified in the confidence that we and great China are friends indeed. Under divine Providence, abominable crimes serve as helps to the

more blessed conditions of human advancement. With all her blunders, her deplorable and provoking folly, no nation is so making its way into the hearts of human kind as this oldest and yet in some respects the youngest of the nations. In spite of that great Emperor's way of wiping out the sins and evil name of his people by destroying her literature, the genius of this nation of scholars so restored those great records, that out of a great far-reaching past the wondrous story of their times makes the very stones cry out where all else is silent and may yet read out to us wonderful things, wonderfully old and as wonderfully interesting and informing, Old China, the most fascinating riddle of all time!

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Not many letters have gone from me these last few weeks. Ever since the days of St. Paul we know that they that traverse this world are liable to suffer shipwreck, and we may assume that it was always a dangerous business to go away from home. My wreck was not literal but figurative and mercifully did not drown me, and we know the old saint escaped unharmed. This wrecking of plans only gives you something not expected, and may be even better than the expected, and it was certainly so in this case. Rangoon was just the point where I would have left my party, but I could not have done so honorably but as a matter of manifest necessity. Retrospectively more far than prospectively my trip would have been a failure had I so rushed

the great missionary world of the far East. It was the same wonderfully kind Providence that was so manifestly with me from the beginning to the very end of the most unlooked for of all trips that a man ever made around the world. Neither the best things nor the worst things were where I looked for them.

At the end of a week in Singapore I was fully equal to the six or seven days steaming for Hong Kong. I had trial of travel by steamers of many flags, English, French, German and Japanese, but one and all would have passed for John Bull's ships for the tongue "spoke."

When we got to Hong Kong we had gotten over feeling hot, and shivers had their turn. I was most fortunate, as I thought, to find a place in a missionary home kept by the A. B. C. F. M., for there was my long waited-for chance of meeting missionaries on the ground. But there was no provision for heat in the rooms, and the immediate effect of this great change of climate was very distressing. I stood it for a few days when by the good offices of our Consul I was taken to more comfortable quarters, and had an excellent table and a most splendid prospect for the rest of my stay in that romantically beautiful city which circles high about a most capacious harbor floating a world of all kinds of craft that wing or steam the seas.

Hong Kong is a bluff near 2,000 feet high bent about the inner head of waters, with a slope that

lays avenue above avenue up to the very summit. These all cut by cross streets running straight up to the top of the ridge, and all these thoroughfares without a four-footed animal with hoofs in sight. Of course there is no end to the romantic and magnificent situations of the sightly dwellings which crown these rising heights! Over all these fine roadways the chair or the little wheeler for one person are the only conveyances, and most delightful are they! And these strong and nimble-footed men seem to delight in their work, though it involve the carrying up that steep grade of every pound of household goods, building material, however ponderous or vast. Most of the weight goes balanced upon the shoulders at the end of a strong piece of shaped wood. The method of work up is to take half of the load at a time, carry it part of the way up, deposit it, and walk down the hill for the other half, and so on up to the final destination. For getting about, the wheeler is for the levels, and the chair is for the hill. I confess it went against my grain to make a horse of a man, but they seemed to enjoy the getting of the job so much, and to trot off with so much ease, that I soon got over my scruples and came to quite a liking for this little turnout!

Anglo-Saxon Canals

I have already said that anything pertaining to the Anglo-Saxon race has right of way in these papers, for there is no limit of time or space, as there are no printers waiting for copy, no publish-

er fussing about cost, space, or date and no other fellow to reckon with about my statements. The whole business is finished up as I go along, as it is all summed up in the satisfaction I have in putting things that interest me into visible and holding form, all for personal consumption, the luxury of book-making! So here is something that is now demanding this kind of attention. Please then to observe two great facts pertaining to the two great continental hemispheres of the world. The western, that massed land, that we call America, which bridges down in a most irregular way 12,000 miles from the frozen Arctic to the frozen Antarctic, is being cut at its narrowest by a water-way, for all that floats upon the seas of the world. There is not any beating of drums or booming of cannons about it, but who can put into words what that short bit of big ditching really is? A revolution of the Geography, the Commerce, the Travel and the Warfare of the world. Yes, all this and more, but that is not what I am after just now. But before making my point I call attention to a similar fact, as related to the great eastern hemisphere of the world. The Orient as well as the Occident has a big land-cut of a water-way, the Suez to match the Panama Canal. But neither is that my ultimate proposition. We have reached a point of view to consider a very remarkable fact, viz., that these two greatest continental water-ways are firmly in the control of one and the same race, the Anglo Saxon. In one case the holding is territorial and complete. In the other it is as complete

and absolute as to the use of it as actual possession. Though it be a literal fact that the Suez Canal is not fortified, yet if the guns of Gibraltar, Malta and Aden should thunder the word "Canal closed," and "Sea Power" should respond "So be it" commerce from the "Pillars of Hercules," throughout the great Middle Sea, and the Canal, and over the Red Sea span to the frowning battlements of Aden, the commerce of that continental artery would be brought to an instantaneous halt. So in a way, Divine Providence seems to be putting the keys of both sides of the world into the hands of that people whose language and ways are most used and known to mankind!

That race occupies or rules the aggregate of at least one-quarter of the best land of the world, and stands for and comprises more than one-fourth of the entire race of mankind. And all of this marvellous out-come with no thanks or credit to any nation or name. This is the great, mysterious and wonderful way of King of kings, who exalts or casts down the nations according to the councils of his own wisdom and will. "Where is glorying then? It is excluded." Now with this needed and solemn admonition may we humbly and reverently ask whitherward the God of the nations is leading them? Is it too much to believe, though its amount, in itself is so small, that the English-speaking world hates war, a little more, and prays for peace a little more fervently than the average of nationalities? The best thing about our race to-day is its passion for brotherhood a yearning for heart fellowship.

And why should it not be so? Love of our noble and beloved ancestry, waxing more and more, and the working of our holy and precious racial faith, and the refining, uplifting and inspiring power of a great national literature, why should we not run together into a great congenial blending?

But whatever we may be, and whatever the world may rate us, we are not sorry that these keys of the world are in the hands of the race that has most at hazard, as to the number of its people and the amount of its stake in the interests and complications of human affairs. If Panama and Suez cannot avail to head off the greatest scourge of the world in its destruction of prosperities and its terrible carnage and mutilation of human life, they can, and we may believe they will, greatly tend to make resort to arms less frequent and limit the scope of their ravages.

Some Things about China

China has the richest soil, and the most of it, of any nation in the world. The Chinese are the best and the most industrious of farmers. But there is more poverty and starvation upon this Eden soil than anywhere else on earth. Through stretches of the country there are no signs of rich or well-to-do people. Though turning everything possible to account, and continually upon the brink of starvation, the poorer people of China are the most prolific of all nations, with early marriages and large families.

Chinese cities have no sewers, but country farmers come early and get every form of refuse that can have the least use for man or beast to live upon or use, and everything that makes anything grow out of the ground, and every straw, leaf, bush, everything, that will make heat by burning. Nothing goes to waste in China, and yet withal nowhere does the word of starvation so haunt the cabin door.

The carrying coolies rarely live beyond 45 or 50 years. The term of the chair bearer is 8 years, that of a rickshaw runner 4 years, for the rest of his life he is an invalid. In Canton with its million of inhabitants there is not a single beast of burden, even young children are drawn into this great lift and draw!

The brass cash, the most popular coin in China, is worth $\frac{1}{20}$ of a cent, but finer yet, little sticks of bamboo circulate in some sections at the rate of $\frac{1}{2}$ of a cash.

Fleas are trapped for food, and men go around cleaning and resetting these traps and charge every house $\frac{1}{20}$ of a cent. Yet it is an axiom among these people that anything is better than a fight.

A kind Providence has given me the best table and snuggest refuge in this great strange world. Dr. H., a good German-American missionary, is the head of the missionary house, but in no way so to interfere with his missionary work. Just at this time he started out on a two weeks' tour among the natives where there are none of the comforts of life as we look at things, but so our missionaries go

out in cold, and storm among a people who have nothing to give them. That whole eastern world never thinks of doing or giving for others good. Heathendom is not only negatively selfish but by its own shameless confession, totally pitiless.

Steamer Empress, via Yokohama

Such a change of weather, and such a grateful one! I wonder not that one of my good angels tried hard to persuade me against seeing Canton. For heat and depressing humidity it was the lowest dip of day and night on all my round. But to me at that time it was my last chance to be able to say that I had really seen Old China. So I went. As I was taken through the narrow, busy streets and over the hills of the most ancient city of the world, I was, in a way, in closest touch with the deepest ages of time! And I came back again on my beautiful little steamer, whose twin consort had gone down in those waters with all on board in one of those typhoons that carry death and destruction in their resistless and sudden blast. This hurricane is an annual visitant of all the eastern waters in late summer season. Hong Kong shuts doors and windows and sits the terrible half-hour through in dread suspense. Damage is seldom serious on land, but devastation upon shipping and life in the great harbor is sometimes immense and terrible. But a kind Providence brought me safely back from my venturesome trip, although a very used up man. But the order of the day was "up and off." So my friend gave me a gratuitous send off in one

of the splendid lighters of the Standard Oil Company, so glad was he to be free from such a risky charge.

At Hong Kong I began at a low pitch, but crept up to a good average, but I had again dropped down at its close. But a great and joyful surprise awaited me. I had laid myself down in the lighter a weary-hearted man, under oppressive heavens. In the morning I was another man breathing in fresh life from the cooling, inspiring skies, a glorious resurrection it was! The play and blast of the winds and the spitting of the clouds all worked together to bracing and abounding life and zestful cheer! I had been in Hong Kong twenty-eight cool days, widely contrasting with humid Rangoon, but at the very last I almost extinguished my vitality by the Canton venture, and started for Japan as I have written at a very low pitch of vitality.

A retrospection from this point of advance is a most satisfactory one upon the whole with all its breaks, its fortunes and misfortunes. All my losses and crosses have had immediate, and abundant compensations. Thrust into this adventure without a single forecast or preparation, going as it were by the day, I look back without one regret, but with perfect satisfaction for all that has come to me,—be it at the moment however trying. My good was good, my ill was better. I have to this day the assurance that I was humanly conducted half of the way, but divinely led every step. Though by temperament always fearful and de-

spondent, it is yet to me a mystery unsolved why I never lost heart or hope in all my lone way around a strange and perilous world!

It was upon these waters that the mighty movements and momentous events of less than five years previous transpired. Here was mightiest battle with its horror and havoc, but most terrible convulsions and destructions are not long lived, life and nature are, as a whole, still serene as sunshine.

Shanghai

A cold and cloudy morning, but it is nice and comfortable to find the beautiful writing-room of our steamer so warm and cozy! The sudden change in my physical condition still holds good, I am a new man to-day. I have gained more than I lost in India.

I am moved to take more exercise, which is necessary because of the tempting menu and keen appetite. The good American foods on the table tell me that I am moving homeward. Grape fruit is a steady diet, and apples adorn the board. Right valiantly I bear myself at the trencher! I said too hot for a long time, but now the cool has cold coming with it. But against that we can pile on the clothes and find warm nooks and corners.

So undaunted I get nearer that Old Pole I came so near getting hold of so long ago! Japan is my great objective just now. THAT I—I SHOULD EVER BE OVER THERE!!! Four days more we are due at Yokohama.

This has been a very cold, rough and stormy trip

so far, but it has all been grist to my mill notwithstanding. While scores, young and old, have been banished from the table, driven into their cabins and laid low in their misery, I go with great relish to every meal. But I confess that yesterday with its cold, wind and roll was a bit hard to stand. I was one of the very few who kept the deck, took my exercise and braced up to the rough play, and as to the morning, I have been the early bird all my journey from frozen Arctic through all torrid Asia. To be immune of the rolling stormy seas—what an asset to the voyager! The waters never gave me aught but life and zest and bounding joy!

We are now in the waters of Japan, the harbor of the island Nagasaka. You should see these fellows loading coal! About 30 barges are around our steamer—their prows toward us, the gangway is lined by a double row of men, then the game begins—the one line passes a basket of coal from man to man while the other returns the emptied baskets in the same way, and they all work with a vim. This is the world of the work of man's hands and it works as if it were made of steel! Japan is mountainous and volcanic, and reminds me somewhat of Norway, but that wonderful country has no fire in its grand mountains. The days are cool, but our steamer keeps level-headed. I am looking for more worlds to conquer! Sunday we are due in Jap-land.

I have captured or been captured by a charming New York lady, touring unattended save by a very manly little fellow of twelve. She came from San

Francisco and is to go through Japan, then make her way over the Trans-Siberian Railroad to meet her mother in England. She gave me many points and seemed quite interested in my story. She, like all my American sisters that I have met on the road, was very nice. She started from Yokohama to make a short trip into China, but was too late for the steamer from Kobe, which went off with her trunks. Now she is going cheerfully back, sure that all will come round all right! We do not know how many delightful people there are in the world till we take a run through it.

This is a Japanese steamer and all pertaining thereto is first class, but with the exception of a few English people, it is a company of the common sort. All natives that travel are not rich people. But I felt strong and courageous and needed no looking after, night or day. A very interesting young Englishman is my company at the table as well as at other times. The weather has been stormy and the seas rough, but all has been cold and bracing, so different from those dreadful days and nights in Canton, only about a week ago, though so great a change in my condition and surroundings make them look like a long while past. This warm wrapping old ulster of mine was a fore-ordaining providence for the time of which nobody ever dreamed. It ought to be pensioned in its old age! I walked the deck yesterday, a distance of about two miles. But here we are in port and this, JAPAN.

JAPAN AND KOREA

JAPAN AND KOREA

THIS morning I came off the steamer with a general purpose to find some kind of missionary stopping-place. I had to feel my way. Of course I took a jin-ri-ki-sha, the two-wheeler drawn by a man, and started out on the understanding that he knew where I wanted to go. He took me hither and thither, *evidently feeling his way also,* but finally I was set down to No. 48 Bluff, opened for me by a sad dispensation of Providence. For here lived Dr. B——, a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church, one of the first missionaries of Japan. He keeps no boarding house, but two or three days before my arrival his wife, a long-time invalid, passed away, her death hastened, it was thought, by an earthquake shock that rocked houses and left wide cracks upon the walls. So the lonely man seemed more than willing to receive me as a boarder. From my point of view nothing could serve me better. The location is commanding, about 100 feet up a steep as its name suggests, and all around about, over sea and land, spans a vast horizon.

Yokohama

There has been nothing especially important this last week, but we two old fellows are having

the best kind of a time together, all the table to ourselves, full of subjects to talk about, our interests along one great way, with no jarring sentiments, time goes fast and I am getting much of what I most came for. My friend is kindness and helpfulness all the time and all around, far more than I could have looked for. For the first time I can consult books and get myself up on all lines of inquiry. All this with my immensely improved physical condition leaves little to ask for more.

We never gave and can never give any compensary return for the free gift of life and Grace of God—we can only thankfully receive these gifts with all their attendant pains and sorrows, knowing that these are the gold and gems of the heavenly gifts.

This has not been an eventful week, but it has been one of real rest and enjoyment. My physical condition continues to improve and I do not think I have failed much since I left home. I am absorbing and reading things right in the midst of missionary work. I admire my Dr. B. and enjoy his stimulating and delightful company. He makes me feel that he is glad to have me here, and is on the lookout to do me kindnesses. He took me to a college commencement at Tokio the other day. I was interested to see the exercises were of the quiet dignified eastern way. The young men did not air their boyishness, but were sedate and appropriate. A distinguished Japanese and an American official gave dignity to the occasion by earnest addresses. The young men

seemed to be taking life seriously, as thoughtful scholarly minds. Dr. B—— also took a company of us to the Buddhist Temple in which he and his young wife first began housekeeping in Japan. There was no more ceremony in the transfer of the building than in an ordinary house-renting. In that temple and sacred compound Doctors B—— and H—— with their families lived for years and there their children were born; in some respects an ideal home in its security in the midst of a strange and heathen community. The good Doctor seemed to enjoy pointing out the various rooms and their uses and as we gathered on the vestibule, I was asked to offer prayer which I was able to do with great interest, in the singular impressiveness of the situation. There were we talking, praying and purposing to destroy and sweep away utterly and forever all which that sanctuary stood for, yet not a soul seemed in the least troubled about it all! That simple service of song and prayer in those surroundings was most impressive and memorable. That veteran medical missionary Dr. H——, returned several years ago from his great work in Japan, one of the most worthy and honored of missionaries to young Japan.

Dr. B. and I get along together like two old chums, having about the same range of life to talk about. Have talked at two prayer meetings through an interpreter. As father and grandfather Dr. B. is the head of a large and fine family, children, grandchildren, male and female,—seen by photograph, most of them.

We have earthquakes of all sizes and at all times here among these volcanic chimneytops. I sensed a peculiar touch one night, but did not speak of it till I saw it reported in the papers. As showing how lightly people regard this serious matter, I read a few days later the account of the total destruction of Yokohama at a future date in July!! Thus some enterprising fellow served up a sensation for public amusement!! I went for it at first as a real report!

Though so hard working and working all the time, these little Japs are a wonderfully cheerful folk. Good-natured, smiling faces are everywhere. No frowns, sour looks or quarrels anywhere! Good form is to put the best face possible upon all life! That is one strong point to the good of this great Eastern World! And there is yet another strong point to be scored to the glory of this old Orient which with brusque flippancy is called *"heathen,"* that is, its filial and profound deference to age and the aged! The elders in this oldest of civilizations has not only respect but the mastery of all things to the very last. A genial, happy land this to those who have begun to sense the frosty chills by the way of the threescore and ten! So here is a cardinal virtue all ready for translation, entire, into the Christian Civilization of the Orient! The youngest boy at the table is called "Master Cold-rice."

Off for Peking

I left Yokohama under the particular direction

of my good brother, Dr. B——. I started first for the city of Kyoto where is located the Doshesha of which we have heard so much. It had been my fixed purpose never to impose myself upon any missionary family for entertainment but when I reached the place I found to my great vexation that Dr. L——, whom I had never met or known, had come quite a long distance to take me to his own house for my lodgings. I had inquired of him to direct me to a hotel. He said, "We have made preparation for you at my house." The two friends did their best to serve me then and there. The Doctor walked with me and added much to my profiting and his wife was a most kind and charming lady.

It was at Kyoto that the monument was erected to the gallant chargers that glory with their heroic masters in carnage of the battle-field. Even the devoted dog draws the line upon the rioting of shot and shell, but the war-horse is in at the death and destruction with defiant snort and all his colors flying! How fine the tribute of the Jap to that heroic partner that helped him to do the most terrible fighting ever known to his everlasting warring world!

But I must hasten on to Osaka, my next mission. Dr. A. was my host in this interesting city. He gave up the day to me, taking me about, here and there, showing me different kinds of missionary work. Dr. A. is quite a business man and has some building work going on under his direction. I was shown a native church building and so far

forgot where I was as to ask where the pews were! It was a stirring rush and I thoroughly enjoyed it all. The same day I passed on to Kobe, where is located the girls' school into which has gone a large portion of that much discussed $100,000 contributed to the Board by the great Standard Oil Magnate. The ladies of the institution gave me a most cordial reception and I had a delightful time of it. One of the teachers seemed to see in the age of the old ranger, something that moved her to say with considerable emphasis that her aged father would never think of making such a venture, yet she did not seem to be laying it up against me.

Wednesday night I was off for Okaama, Dr. P.'s station. There is a large orphanage here and at Dr. P.'s request I went in and gave a short account of my visit to Jerusalem, which the Doctor interpreted to the hearers, also telling them something about myself. On leaving, a very smiling faced Japanese teacher addressed me very cordially and assured me that I should get home all right for she should pray for me!

Friday morning I started on for about ten hours railroading and got into this place, Shimonoseki, between nine and ten o'clock, having stood the trip very well. Here I find myself about two days ahead of my party, giving me a grateful rest and a chance to get off a good batch of letters, for writing conveniences are good and abundant at this hotel. Our original party of three has been increased to five. We are Mrs. T. and her son, a very bright boy of twelve, Mrs. G. and her grand-

daughter, Miss C., seventeen years old, one of the smartest and most level-headed young American girls I ever met, and a Mr. L., an American, who is in some government-service, very well acquainted with things in general and hereabout particularly. Besides Mrs. T. has a guide whose services the rest of us can share when needed. Seven, all told, and thus we are moving on to Peking. This city, the name of which heads this page, is memorable, as the treaty between China and Japan was negotiated here in 1894.

The country all through China is greatly stirred in relation to the Royal obsequies that are to be observed at the national capital.

Japan sounds loud and looks mighty in the world of to-day. But in territory and human type, the Japs are yet a small people. The little fellows upon the streets do not look terrible at all. We will be putting the query to ourselves, "Are these the heroes of Port Arthur and Munkden? Did these little fellows humiliate the most massive power of Christendom?" We have called them small notwithstanding.

They have not land enough to support the family though they have turned every foot of soil to account, and they can get no more without robbing some neighbor. There must be strong brains over there with head-ache in getting a satisfactory answer to the grave question whether they can keep the pace they have set for themselves. To be a leading power these days, means, *ROOM, RESOURCES, NUMBERS AND A GOOD*

RUNNING GAIT. Leadership has to be paid for in the first place and has to be kept up at cost and no nation that is not essentially great can make herself great by a spirit or a spasm. China and Russia are great as an existent mass of nationality—they do not so much try to be great, or plan to be great, but are that without thought or effort. In times past a sudden great conquest or invasion made or destroyed powers as in a day. China has been conquered times without number, but there is China to-day essentially as she has been for thousands of years. Then this Japanese thunder-bolt—it was a great sound, a wonderful flash —but are national proportions and orbits to be disarranged by a thunder-shower?

Seoul—Korea

It has been ever thus upon all this trip of mine, whenever I have been in any discouragement, a surprise of encouragement has been preparing for me. One of the most marked of these surprises came to me yesterday. We came into Seoul Monday night after a long hard day on the cars, completely spent, as I said like a boy crying to go home to his mother! I made inquiry for a good physician and was directed to the Missionary Hospital some little distance away. The Doctor was found in his office and for me he was a *find* indeed! He was a Massachusetts man after my own heart.

The Doctor and his wife urged me to be a guest indefinitely in their own home! Then and there to tarry a little in what was then the very *heart*

of the missionary world, ***THE KOREAN REVIVAL,*** to study that most wonderful movement at the very vital centre of it and the while as in an old New England home with such hosts! But it could not be. I was locked into a moving train and had only to say "Good by" with unspeakable regrets the aching of which is throbbing in my heart to this very day more than two years after!

That evening one of my party and myself, went in jin-rick-shas, miles through unlighted streets to a Korean prayer-meeting. It was held in the body of the church, eastern-like, without pews or seats, men and women having no support but the plain floor. A curtain was drawn through the middle of the audience room, the men upon the right hand side and the women on the left. It was not a free meeting from the floor, but about half way between a preaching service and a prayer meeting, conducted entirely by two or three men. Though in many ways no different as a spiritual manifestation from anything elsewhere seen, yet it is unquestionably the most genuine working of converting and transforming power in the whole world, at the present time.

Is it not in earnest that the God of grace and salvation is about to work wonders among these dense populations of heathendom? Though not "By war and battle sound" as Japan rose as in a day to the rank of world powers, but in the way of the Prince of Peace to a nobler ranking of civilization. So may it be!

Whatever else Korea may or may not be, it is

known the world over that the glory and salvation of God are upon her. Even a flying trip like mine was as inspiration. The Korean as a type shows a well set up man—tall, of good proportions, dignified, thoughtful, but withal and above all so responsive to Divine Truth! Broadly, in the large, what conscience, what spiritual conditions considered, has in this generation responded so profoundly, and experimentally, and spiritually as these simple unlettered Koreans? Where has there been a more complete personal interest of the sin and salvation of the Gospel than this Korean conversion has rendered?

CHINA AGAIN

CHINA AGAIN

YESTERDAY, bright and clear, was in every respect favorable for our survey of Dalney, this forever memorable locality, where once and again the invincible Japs captured the famous citadel. It may well be doubted whether any fighting men ever persevered against such awful carnage and destruction as the Japanese, winning at last at such terrible cost. In a single assault they were repulsed, leaving 15,000 men dead.

The few who made their way up to the citadel reported little of interest but the magnificent view. It takes but little time to clear away the mementoes of the most convulsive wars.

Peking

Yes, here we are in Old Peking herself! This is great China! Japan is miniature, land, people and trees, things in small type! Yes, notwithstanding the phenomenal fight the little fellows put up with the burly Muscovite. They fill their little houses with forest trees in the small! But China, nation wise, is immensity itself, people build in the large spaces, rivers, mountains are upon the gigantic scale. But as we come in all is low and flat in the far circling horizon. Among the first most noticeable things are countless hillocks—like

hay-cocks in June, and when they tell us that these are the ancestral tombs we wonder where there will be any place for the living if this post-mortem appropriation goes on much longer.

These vast plains get their life by irrigation therefore every year the waters are everywhere, a boundless sea. To see the matured harvest of the great farmers upon the most fertile land in the world must be a sight for a life-time! And yet—the pathos of it—nowhere do human beings starve so by the millions as in this best tilled Garden of Eden!

We are in the region sanctified by the martyrdom of Chinese saints in the Boxer outbreak of 1900. Their names are seen here and there on monuments, an earnest and prophecy of what Great China herself will sometime be!

The queen Dowager who died last November (1908) was honored with funeral obsequies last Sunday. We are in season for the Emperor regent's funeral which is to be celebrated next Sunday. I did not count upon any such public demonstration but I think we are fortunate in seeing something of that grand ceremonial pomp for which this ancient court is celebrated.

This is one of the best hotels in Peking, and though the city is unusually crowded we pay less than $5 a day.

My room is light and conveniently located on the second floor. I have had a very interesting time visiting the missions. I find our missionaries a very happy and optimistic people. I have seen

three grand monuments of our Wanamaker's great heartedness, three magnificent Y. M. C. A. buildings, here in the great eastern field—one at Tokyo, Japan—one in Seoul, Korea—and one here in Peking.

I attribute the social enjoyment of my trip to my great interest in English history. Give me a patriotic Englishman, be he young or old, then there is no end of interesting subjects to talk about. Kinship is awakened, and so much England is in evidence everywhere that talk is ever fresh and vital.

One evening in the hotel in Peking I had the rare treat of conversation with a retired naval officer of special intelligence and culture. For two or three hours our conversation never flagged. At another time after a day of unusual social interest, going on deck in the evening after supper, I became interested in an intelligent young Englishman and we went on for at least two hours into deep night-fall. Another rare social "touch and go," I had with a young fellow countryman, southern born, and a student at the time in the University of Oxford. He came and introduced himself in a very delightful manner, and it was something out of the commonplace that we talked of the great war with the rest, yet without a jar, though we were North and South. It is wonderful how close and fascinating is the fellowship from most far off points of age, locality or stand-point!

If I have ever known blessed fellowship some of the most inspiring of it has been not only with

total strangers, but with people most widely distant in age, locality, calling, the greater the reach the more inexpressible the thrill and the fervor.

This Peking being a very hard place to *do,* I kept very quiet at first, went out sight-seeing only twice, the first trip not amounting to much, except to give me a good shaking up on these terribly rough streets. But being recovered from that strain, I accepted an invitation to attend the funeral obsequies of the Prince Regent, which seemed in itself sufficient compensation for the whole trip. And I think I should have come out of it all right had it not been for a miserable blunder made by our guides, which necessitated an extra walk of at least two miles under the hot midday sun. But my grip held through all the strain, and it was a grand, strange pageant worth all it cost me.

The Royal procession, its magnitude, pomp, its color—it was a strange grand Old China in one of its most splendid manifestations, but—one thing it immensely lacked—you knew just what one thing would have thrown an inexpressible thrilling glory over all. "There was not a drum nor a funeral note!" All the magnificence was only plain cold prose. O for the beating of a drum, the blast of the horn, the thrilling witchery of the interblending of all notes and sounds to translate it all into transcendental glory! Yet it was grand, but flat and dumb! It is the thrill of sound that most glorifies spectacular demonstrations. But though

I pulled through I came back a very dusty, tired old man.

Tuesday was our farewell to Old Peking by time-table, but when the morning came the hospital was once more the order of the day for me. I therefore went to the Methodist Institution. The physician feared I would not be satisfied with the accommodations, as there were only native nurses, so he offered to treat my case in his own house! What a heavenly refuge it was! Of course I accepted the kind offer with all gratitude.

And here is not only deliverance No. 2, but there, that week I learned more and absorbed more of what I went out for, than I could have secured with the free touring of double that time! For it was a very interesting family, father and mother, and eight beautiful children. Besides there was a grandmother of like kind, and that family, one and all could not have been more kind to me had I been their grandfather!

I did not see the temple of Heaven in Peking, but perhaps I was even more fortunate in hearing a long and most illuminating description of it and its grand symbolism by a very cultivated and scholarly English naval officer of whom I have elsewhere spoken. . . .

Leaving Peking it is two days without change by rail to Hankow, thence four days by boat on the Yang-tzi-kiang River to Shanghai, two days where I shall have the good-fortune of a great missionary gathering. Finally six days to Yoko-

hama, again six days over a course I have already passed.

I was quite informal in some of my ways in Peking. Learning that a prayer meeting was held a certain evening in a locality some distance away, I engaged a jin-rick-sha and went alone, arrived some time after services began, but when opportunity offered, I got up, without waiting for any invitation to speak. It did not seem to be taken unkindly and at the close of the meeting I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. B——, an old friend, who became a kindly introducer and invited me to attend church and dine with her the next Sabbath. While I was not able to avail myself of either of these hospitalities she was among the kindly missionaries who called upon me, my hospital week, and from whom I heard most interesting accounts of their experiences and witnessing of practical missions.

The thorough business-like manner with which my good doctor put me upon the road, and sent messages to people to give me all needed assistance by the way, left nothing more necessary, and so it was all the long route by rail or upon the great river of that ancient, fascinating far-off land—a treat for a lifetime!! So went I my way down to Shanghai, there in that memorable place to a great missionary convention.

Shanghai to Yokohama

My fellowship was with all that could speak my English tongue, men, women and children, boys

and girls, a year full of social life!! For them that can go the farthest, rise the highest and fathom the deepest, commend me to my own Anglo-Saxon race! We have a history—a literature—a religion, and a holy race-aspiration, that make for a fellowship that can range in imagination from the deepest horizon of the past to the eternal, beyond the sky-line of the farthest future of earth and time! Not that we are on the strain for great and grand things, but they come to us from near and far, in space and time! How great and glorious a thing one man's life can be!! Then think of a race growing and working, not only to the end of time, but over beyond into unending range, for the recesses of time are immortal! Nay, our talk may be very commonplace and simple, but there are thrills and suggestions that are most delightful and inspiring, though we may be powerless to give them expression. I have some way back glorified every human race as a piping tone in grand diapason of humanity. But kinship is eternal and forever best shall we love our own!

Thus I run on, trying to understand and tell what that going around the great world, and the mingling and fellowship with the far off of my kind was like.

As for the subsequent effect of a survey of the ends of the earth,—one can never again get back to the old provincial point of view. A wider world gets recognition, all the good, the great, the beautiful of the world is not so close around the old homestead. There are grand and noble looking men,

and there are beautiful women and lovely children that are not after our kind and ways, and great nature takes on forms and beauties and splendors never before witnessed. The world is no longer commonplace and dull but all its far-off peoples have become wonderfully interesting. We grow from town to state, then our great nation makes the daily paper not only an interest but a necessity of life. One range over the great world and among the nations and the millions of our kind makes a "Daily" wide in its reach as all the habitations of mankind, and a tributary to a progress by which we keep step with the progress of our times. When many go to and fro, knowledge is increased and the world moves en masse and the unification of the race goes on apace.

I have several times passed near or through the very waters where the great Russian fleet in its perilous venture was stealing in single file into the sea of Japan, and which was suddenly struck by the expectant and watchful Japanese fleet and in an incredibly short time almost completely annihilated, by such a strategy and gun fire as has no equal in naval warfare.

As a naval power, in quality, Japan ranks with the highest, but not in strength. Notwithstanding her three or four thousand islands, she is by no means of land power. She has not working room even, for the forty or fifty millions of her present population. As she has appropriated Korea, so will she, so must she appropriate, by hook or by crook, Manchuria or any other part of China. She

is "between the Devil and the deep sea" indeed, not only as to her ambitions, but as mortally angered her two nearest and greatest neighbors. She has cut out work for herself that must make the heads of her statesmen throb. If it be true that Japan is moving towards arbitration it is a reassuring movement. It suggests that the wild fierce dream of the spoliation of great, rich, helpless China, is fading out. The autonomy and independence of China are secure if her case can be submitted to arbitration.

The consensus of all the great nations to the partition of China is unthinkable, but it may be safely assumed that amount of virtue will act,—if we cannot have a share in the prize no other nation shall! The terrible war god has ruled the world hitherto. That will be a glorious age that drags him down from his bloody and awful domination.

It used to be sound learning to believe that there were five races of mankind, but the savants are now mooting the race question anew. They let us talk of the Aryan, the white race. That branch of the human family though, without question, it originated in the very heart of Asia, has flourished and done its work and carried its power from the Occidental England (Aryan) and we owe almost wholly to her, that touring is as easy and secure through the eastern world as in the United States. In the large, the white Aryan is the head and master of the world to-day for the quality of its work and the quality of his character. Power and quality go hand in hand.

The East never loved the West, and never will till love is the fashion of the world. Japan did her utmost to shut herself up and to bar out the nations of the west, but to no avail. Then she surrendered, submitted and became a pupil of the abominated white man, and her splendid achievement glorified the Occident as much if not more than herself, for she conquered with weapons and powers not of her own. Already the Orient has *acted* fealty to the Occident. The Jap stooped before he conquered. Proud, imperious, steadfast, eternal China is looking with straining eyes to the Western World as her only hope of salvation. But God have mercy on Western Christendom, if it rise not to the situation and give to the inquiring and docile nations of the East, something more than potency to fight great wars and subjugate nations.

Kyoto

Caught at last! A newspaper man got after me this morning, and wanted to report me for his paper, Jap not English. He promised to send me the translation of it (but he never did). The polite and respectful manner of the young man was delightful. Speaking of old people he remarked with gentle impressiveness "We honor the aged." Went on a missionary quest this morning and found a group of them about starting upon their summer outing. They invited me to lunch with them and we had a good social time. One of the number was a missionary supported by the Old South Church, Worcester.

Yes, here I count my foreign trip completed. In spite of the great chorus of friendly voices stigmatizing my wild venture, I had been carried with a great joy and glory over a course, by sea and land, which strung along its way as grand a succession of things actual and historic as could well be crowded into a single year. I had no quarrel, but only admiration for the good providence of it all. It was all for the best. I have yet to hear of a man or woman 87-8, who has thus rounded the world but doubtless there are such. The success of it and the great and everlasting joy of it have been its most abundant justification. The end of it was grandly climacteric—the greatest thing in its way in this world is Old China, and most of my last month was passed within the borders of this oldest and most wonderful of the nations. Till then the craving was for more, yet more! But when I rounded into Yokohama for the second time there was no further call. The spell that had held me was broken, and I was ready to face the homeward West.

THE PACIFIC

THE PACIFIC

AND this is the Ocean of the World—nearly equal in dimension, to all the other oceans of the world combined, yet the latest explored and the least used of all. But the progress of the last three centuries of civilization has made its service commensurate with its scope. It has become the short cut between the Old and New World. Will it earn and vindicate the gentle name it bears? It can rage and storm in keeping with its giant bulk. Will it bring Peace to the world? God in infinite mercy grant it!

This facing up the great East with the great West is a new geographical situation. It makes that which heretofore had been widest apart the most approximate. How will the powers of the East and the West face up to each other—with the "olive branch" of peace or the engines of war? The ocean side west of the American world is thousands of miles long, with the fewest of harbors. Here and there one from Patagonia until San Francisco is reached, with its magnificent bay and harbor. Then, even up to Alaska, there are many of the grandest harbors of the world. Besides just back of Seattle, there is a fathomless lake of fresh water sufficient for all the shipping of the world, which by a few miles of ship canal could be opened to the ocean. A most magnificent combination

altogether against any possible assault upon the side of the sea. No naval power on earth has such an impregnable refuge.

On this magnificent Japanese steamer I muse on the all-around smartness of these little Japs! I could wonder and admire endlessly, but that they are such terrible fighting devils! They have put, as it were, dynamite into war, which was sufficiently awful already. How is the world to reckon with this real upstart? And how is it to reckon with an astounded world? Did our Commodore Perry wake up the wrong passenger?

Get out the map and find where 4° 52′ Lat. crosses 154° 13′ Lon. That is the spot where I am writing this morning. A little over 300 miles was our run yesterday; 3400 miles is the distance between Yokohama and Honolulu. Eleven or twelve days do it. I expect to meet some old friends on the islands. How the mighty waves hit us! "Shiver my Timbers" that expresses it. But there is nothing in sight to run into. I believe we number 160. I think it is the largest steamer I have boarded yet. At any rate it is a magnificent boat, and in all respects beautifully run. I am monarch of all I survey in my stateroom. I have very unconstrained and restful times. This afternoon we are to be in touch with a wireless station, but I will not be at the trouble to send you a message! It is rather hard on my friends that I have so much time on my hands, but it may not be serious after all, if my head continues to be as empty as it is this morning. Nothing but

water and clouds in sight now. It takes but a circumference of 32 miles in diameter to make that out. No denizens of the deep are in sight to do us honor, so we have to be our own company.

The white man is No. 1 on board. The Asiatics, that is the unmoneyed ones, No. 2 or more,—for the poorest will go by rail or boat, and board themselves. But we have a Chinese family aboard that trains with the highest,—two most interesting boys are of it, and in quality of manners and dress they are second to none. The poorest Chinaman has but a one-roomed house for all his living generation—and the oldest man is boss of the crowd until he dies.

I am right glad I did not take one of the smaller steamers over this great Ocean, for as it is we get tumbled about full enough. A hard day this for delicate sailors.

I have been saying to myself, "This is the largest steamer and the biggest and lonesomest crowd I have been in yet." But last night I met a congenial soul. He was a wonderful man, was he not, who could say well on to 60, that he never had a sickness or pain in his life? Didn't extremes meet? He was a Canadian official, way up, has been located at Yokohama several years. His wife was with him—fine superior looking people. Well, we got together last night, and they kept me talking of my trip for more than an hour. They continued to urge me on. It was an audience, and the talk talked itself! The world as I had seen it was my text, and they listened. I told my man

that I had a three hours bill of talk against himself! And I shall get it.

Fifteen days more and it will be a whole year since I made this terrible venture, but it has been glorious, and made a new man of me. I don't know how I ever started, but I did, and bless the Lord forevermore that I did. I have felt the throbbing of the great world's heart, and been thrilled through and through as I have looked upon my strange brothers, and seen the great nations so vastly different from my own. Yet we are one race, one brotherhood, and we shall stop hating and fighting each other as times go on. Then will come the golden age of the world, and humanity, when all its races and colors will be an organ of their Creator—every different human type to blend its different human note and quality in the grand harmonies of a harmonious world,—the triumph and coronation of the Prince of Peace over a redeemed world.

Honolulu

On this famous and beautiful island-group, at last! In 1820, the year before I was born, the first missionaries to these heathen islanders sailed from Boston. This, therefore, was one of our own missions, and one of the most interesting and successful transference of an entire heathen nation into the Christian world. I had in a way, a life acquaintance with these missionaries and their work and their sons and daughters. And, yet strange and unnatural as it may appear, I have always re-

gretted and still regret, that these islands are one with us nationally. But it is the Lord's will or it would never have come about. And may it prove a mercy and not a chastisement!

Next to the Philippines, they are a danger point of our complication with great world wars. But enough of this. One of my close Seminary friends was a settled pastor here for many years in the most famous of the old churches. And a son of another Seminary friend is now Governor of the Islands.

Honolulu is a most notable station on the great World-Route of travel; and everything that draws, good, bad or indifferent, has a good airing here, whether of pomp and display, or things religious, moral, political, and the round of all sports. It is an endless procession of the great moving World. People of every kindred, nation, and tongue are here, and as the minister of the leading Church remarked to me with great unction, "We live in peace and good will."

A great strike, that torment of the industrial world, is "on" here now, but the little Jap is the worker of it, and his fighting spirit goes into it with a will.

Our steamer has special recognition not only because of great tonnage, but also, because it had the richest cargo of silks ever brought from Japan,—two points of distinction for Japanese enterprise.

A startling automobile accident, that befell some of our passengers, was the sensation of the morning papers. On our arrival in the late afternoon,

a party, consisting of a physician and his wife, and several lady friends, went out for a short run. On their return to the steamer the machine became unmanageable, went over the dock, and fell bottom up, the passengers underneath in the oozy mud. Several were severely, though none fatally, injured, but they all escaped as by a hair's breadth, for they had just gotten out from under the wreck, when that fire which no water can put out, flamed up and consumed every combustible thing.

I must tell the strange story of my coming to this most wonderful place in all my round. My first week in Honolulu was trying and disappointing. It was very hot, and that is always very hard on me. My spirits, of course, dropped to zero and below. I went so far as to look for a place in a hospital, but fortunately, as it turned out, there was no room for me. Well, I held on that way for about ten days, and was nerving myself here and alone, for the closing chapter of my life, when another of those providences, which have been coming to me, came as they have been coming all this strange year. I was told that a certain trip on the railroad was worth taking. So I went, sure that some change would be helpful. It was sixty or seventy miles or so, and a hotel resort was my turning point. There was a delicious dinner, matched by a relishing appetite and followed by a lounge on the piazza, with a beautiful sweep of vision.

The great outcome of it all was that I was soon up in the third heavens, fresh and good as new. Till this time I had been saying to myself "None of

the strain of the great sights for me, tempting as they are." But now a new master was on deck, saying, "Cheer up, cheer up! you are not as bad as you feel and you have got to get out of the hot hole where your vitality is being burnt out of you, and come to this hotel, or take the round up to the mountain air of the great living volcano, and so cool off and brace yourself up for the run to San Francisco."

I meekly submitted and was up and moving with all haste. Of course I had to go back to my boarding house in Honolulu. There my new resolution was doubly confirmed by the fact, that for the heat and cough I got not a wink of sleep till three o'clock. So I was up and moving early, as by the word of the Lord. By noon I was packed and upon the steamer headed towards the mountain. For two days and two nights, which I spent aboard, we were kept up to a very enjoyable pitch, in spite of the fact, that we lay by in harbors. Early Friday morning, we were called up before sunrise, and landed for a day of travel by stage. This was to me more than an unwelcome surprise. It was the most formidable day's work I had yet encountered. It seemed to me that it might have been a false prophet whom I had been hearing! But there was no choice now, I had to go on. I went into the business of bracing up as I never had done before. First there were nine miles through a level black volcanic rock, destitute of any living thing save a white lily-like flower, which here and there bravely lifted up its beautiful banner. Then was our first

stopping place. It was seven o'clock; the first thing was breakfast, of course. A strange kind of a place it was, but I got pretty well braced up that way. Then there was two or three hours of weary, dreary waiting and thinking of the long strenuous way before me. But there was a good helping Providence.

For some time I had been wanting to go through a sugar mill. Just here before me was a big establishment of that knd. I went for it, and the courteous and thorough way with which I was shown over this great modern wonder, was a revelation and a delight. The number, the combination and the nice adjustment of the machinery, by which the green cane is converted into sugar in forty minutes, is a marvel to behold! So, both the tea, and the sugar you put into it, are rushed through their making in the same time, forty minutes!! To resume on the line of my day's work. This time it was two mules to a buggy, and two men to the buggy—myself and the driver. So we started off for our 28 mile trip. It was a pretty hard strain, but I braced myself up with grit, and felt "I'll stand it." The weather was good and the air bracing. I took a poor sandwich or two, and we reeled it off, fourteen miles. That had taken us into a better, a grazing country, where we saw horses and cattle. I kept myself looking at everything to be seen to pass the heavy hours. So I was on my last stretch, in pretty good form. Then there came up a misty looking cloud threatening rain. I comforted myself with the confidence

that it would only be one of those harmless little things they have in Honolulu every day. But it kept spitting in our faces heavier and heavier, and the cold wind blew stronger and stronger all the rest of the way. But by carriage top, wraps, and best of all, my good old ulster, I was all right when we pulled up before the hotel. For though I had not had a good square meal that livelong day, I was still fresh and strong after this nearly forty mile drive!

I went to bed and slept almost solid through the night! And I am up this morning with a spirit and vigor blessed to feel; so much better is it with me than a week ago!! Such is the way I came to see one of the greatest sights of the world.

This afternoon at four o'clock, mounted on horse or mule we go to look into the fiery mouth of that famous mountain. We go late because the night effects are the most impressive features of the great show. The dinner bell rings, how short the morning has been! How good things taste!

Near by us is Mt. Mauna Loa, towering above us 9800 feet, but we do not go up that mountain to find the crater, but we go down from 500 to 800 feet to the level of the old crater, down from which is the boiling cauldron of the live crater. Now this whole crater has a circumference, the diameters of which vary from two to three miles! This well compares with other immensities of an age long gone by.

My trip to view the molten fire, was taken on the strong sure-footed mule, who took me down,

up, to and fro, and well did he perform his part. There was not one false step in all that steep, down and up the rough, narrow, winding path, that brought me three or four miles up to the brink of the flaming flood, leaving me scarcely a step to walk. The nine to twelve hundred feet across this volcano is every whit the real thing. Nor night nor day does this spouting, billowy, rolling, flashing dance pause for an instant. Never is one moment's flash ever repeated, it is a living picture endlessly unrolling, no spectators ever see the same fiery combination, except it be a simultaneous view. Whence cometh and whence goeth this flood of living fire? Are there 8000 miles of heat that no instruments by man can register? Then why does this old world go 95,000,000 miles for heat? Another question: How can the sun's rays keep warm traversing that depth of ether which is colder than can be expressed or even conceived? I had not time then, nor have I had time since to settle these questions!

All around about this region, day and night, sulphurous smoke is steaming up, and but for the pungent and blighting sulphur might heat and run the power of the island. Will human ingenuity ever tap this inexpressible fountain of power? Who is sure that the human wizard will not do even greater wonders than that? The view of this live crater has been my greatest sight and time around the world!

These are wonderful islands! The golden mean

of climate,—full of grandeur and beauty and luxuriant in all productiveness. Those cool refreshing days in that cozy hotel, with its cheerful open fires, its wide and magnificent outlook, and the romantic and delightful strangeness of it all, was indeed an event of a lifetime. Here was an harmonious grateful fellowship of many widely different races,—a demonstration that our Creator has made us all of one blood, where ever our birthplace into the world. Our host, who knew so well "how to keep a hotel," was a pure-blooded Greek, combining in his signature two of the greatest names of his race, viz., Lycurgus Demosthenes. He was the life and joyous power of the whole situation, a masterful man in his calling. Though a practical Yankee up to the keenest on American soil, he was yet prouder of his Greek blood than of all else, though the Greece of to-day is scarcely counted among the nations.

Now as to the Sandwich Islands, where would these possessions go if we lived up to our principles as to the equality of mankind? Will there come a day of judgment for this kind of national hypocrisy? What a possible provocation to war, and war at terrible cost and disadvantage! Our acceptance of Hawaii (which bill Cleveland wisely vetoed, but which veto the Republican party overruled), and our conquest and holding of the Philippines,—these two great false steps, back from all the spirit and traditions of our institutions from the very first,—these two great moral contradic-

tions may be two procuring causes of a gigantic continental struggle between the great East and the great West.

But a bright and heavenly past is behind us here in this Paradise of the Pacific. Out of our own Boston went the devoted men and women that in less than half a century converted these heathen tribes unto God. So in a real sense; the morals and the religion, the churches and the schools, the national spirit and institutions upon which these foreign populations have gathered were Christian; and there they are still in full working power.

HOME AGAIN

HOME AGAIN

HERE I am in San Francisco, back again in my own country and my tour around the world is over. It was eight years ago that I saw the city of the Golden Gate in its great prosperity. Since that time it has been shaken down and broken up by a great earthquake. It is a wonderful and strange contrast.

Though it is scarcely more than a great ruin now, everywhere are whole blocks or parts of once great blocks just as the fire left them years ago. I sat down in a little corner of a street and amidst the miscellaneous debris of stone, iron and brick, there lay close by a little safe! Yet here and there, all around are the skyscrapers—fifteen stories I counted often—as if in defiance of the powers of destruction.

On June 17, 1776, two friars, Francisco Palou and Benito Cambon, left Monterey with 7 civilians and 17 dragoons and their families, reaching on the 27th of June the place where they established the Spanish mission of San Francisco, Oct. 8, 1776. The settlement by Americans dates from 1836, when Jacob P. Leese, an American residing in Los Angeles, obtained from Gov. Chico a grant of land in Yerba Buena, and built a small frame house on present south side of Clay Street west

of Dupont, celebrating its completion by raising the American flag, July 4, 1836. That was the beginning of San Francisco—the settlement by Spanish and Americans; but the beginning of the real San Francisco was in 1849, when the great discoveries of gold in a way revolutionized American progress.

But the making is that magnificent harbor of the Golden Gate—large enough to take and hold in safe, still waters all the navies and ships of the world. And that harbor will be the everlasting resurrection of San Francisco until some greater convulsion of nature shall destroy the harbor itself.

San Francisco is a city of "a hundred Hills," and a most picturesque locality. It is the most strongly fortified city of the United States with the exception of New York.

It is a singular fact that in all the nine or ten thousand miles of the Pacific coast there are but three or four great harbors worthy of mention, but these are the most capacious and magnificent harbors of the world. While the eastern Atlantic coast of America, from eastern Maine down around to Galveston, Texas, is thickly dotted with commercial facilities.

Though years have past since this great city was made a ruin, it is not anywhere nearly re-built, but a beginning has been made that makes it certain that the new San Francisco will far outdo the magnificence of the old.

For the moral and religious city of San Francisco—the glory doth not yet greatly appear, but

here and there you see that God is not altogether forgotten. People are here who live for something more than money and the pleasures of this world. And there are many churches in this thriving population that are worthy of comparison in their work with the best churches in the land. Among these is the First Congregational Church. I well recollect once looking upon the lofty spire of this church, and wondering how it would fare in the convulsions of an earthquake. Strange to say, though slender and lofty, and built of brick, it showed not a crack from the rocking at its foundations; and it stands now, reconstructed from the destruction by fire in more than its former efficiency, strength and influence.

The picture of this great city is not overdrawn in its possibilities. In the words of Dr. Bryce: "Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco, either in beauty or in natural advantages."

There was a wonderland before me yet. There was the great Northwest, and the grand Canadian Pacific,—enough of tempting, untrodden ground to carry me to the very threshold of my own New England—the most beautiful and heavenly little province in all the world!